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SATURDAY NIGHT

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THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

THE FRONT PAGE

Help Britain and Ourselves

WE SHOULD all be thinking these days about how we can help ourselves to get out of the mess that the British people are in, because it is our mess as well as theirs. There are still many colonial-minded Canadians, not all of them in the Province of Quebec, who think that we must assert our independence of Great Britain on all possible occasions, but even they must be gradually learning that our political independence was won a long time ago. Anything that strengthens Great Britain today strengthens not only our safety but our independence, because Great Britain is the only power of any great consequence on the other side of the Atlantic that is opposing the spread of Imperial Communism throughout the world, and because, on this side of the Atlantic, we should be much more susceptible to pressure, even domination, from Washington if we could not from time to time call on London for help.

Unhappily these simple facts are not grasped as widely as they should be in this country; Mr. Duplessis shows no sign of leading a crusade for the relief of England. So our Federal Government, which can ill afford to lose support in Quebec because of its slim majority in the House of Commons, cannot go as far as it should in giving help to Great Britain, considering that it is really self-help.

Difficult as its position is, the Federal Government can do something. We are not satisfied that a further loan on generous terms or even a gift is beyond practical politics; during the war the Government consistently underestimated the amount of support it could get in the House of Commons, even from Quebec, on votes of money for Mutual Aid. Nor are we satisfied that all other possibilities have been fully explored. Take, for example, the question of defence expenditures. Mr. Attlee has announced that, as part of his economy campaign, he will cut down the army by 80,000 and some of his supporters have been pressing for 250,000. Has Ottawa discussed with London how much their expenditures on the Royal Navy could come down if our expenditures on the Canadian Navy went up in the proper ways?

Luckily there is more to Canada than Ottawa, and it is the whole of Canada that can help. We should like to see Provincial Governments shoulder some of the burden. Surely British Columbia could afford to send some lumber, Ontario some newsprint, and Nova Scotia some apples and fish, and so forth.

And we need not leave everything to our governments. Each of us who has friends or relatives over there can send more food parcels, more clothes—anything to vary the drabness and monotony. Last Christmas a Canadian girl sent, together with a present for an English friend, some bright paper and ribbons for other presents on the Christmas tree, and it was these wrappings that brought the most ecstatic "thank you." We can give individually, or through our churches and clubs. Everything helps!

Using Up Resources

WE ARE a little surprised to find the Winnipeg *Free Press* laying so heavy a stress upon the current discovery, by the government and people of the United States, that that country "is using up its resources at a much faster rate than appeared possible a few years ago". The reason for the *Free Press's* interest in this situation is clear enough. One of the consequences of the situation must be to compel the United States to accept a greatly increased volume of imports, which is not only a most desirable change from the standpoint of world economics, but is also right up the *Free Press's* alley in that it tends to increase the volume and freedom of international trade. But there is another aspect to it, about which the *Free Press* should be less pleased.

—Photo by Pringle & Booth Ltd.

Through the Princes' Gate, symbolic of the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, thousands will pass next week to see positive evidences of this country's progress since the big show was last held in 1941.

The habit of using up the natural resources of any area at too rapid a rate is one of the inevitable consequences of that complete freedom of exploitation, at the uncontrolled will of the private owners of those resources, to which the *Free Press* is most deeply attached. The only effective means of checking that overconsumption of resources before it has gone to disastrous lengths is precisely that control and regulation by the political authority, to which the *Free Press* is most bitterly opposed. If the United States is going to protect itself against the total disappearance of its resources of oil, copper, lead, zinc and forest products it cannot possibly wait until the consumption of these things is checked by the competition of similar articles brought in from elsewhere. It will have to adopt a considerable measure of planned economy—regulation of the rate at which these materials can be drawn upon by their private owners, regulation of the uses to which the products can be put, and perhaps even regulation of the extent to which the products can be exported to satisfy the needs of other peoples.

It is not in the character of the American business man to deny himself a present profit for the sake of ensuring that the copper supplies of the United States shall continue to be adequate—as they will not in present conditions—beyond twenty years from the present time. The present per capita wealth of the people of the United States, the greatest in the world, is largely the result of the conversion into usable and saleable goods of the vast accumulation of natural resources, many of them irreplaceable, which was stored up by nature on this continent and became accessible to civilized man at the precise moment when he was becoming most efficient in the utilization of them. But the American business man has come to regard that wealth, and the ability to continue producing it, as a gift of God in recognition of his own exceptional qualities of intellect and character; and it will take a lot of government control to prevent him from going right ahead with the exploitation process as long as there is anything left to exploit.

Our Share of Defence

IT IS UNFORTUNATELY very true that Canada is not likely to perform her full share (at any rate when measured by population or even by wealth) of the joint defence of the North American continent. Nevertheless it is not quite fair to say that if she did perform her full share there would be no need to provide for a possible presence of American troops in the Dominion.

The *Letter-Review*, discussing the essential points which nobody mentioned in the Commons debate, says: "U.S. forces in Canada will be here only to the extent to which our neglect of our own obligations makes their presence necessary. It would be better if we could so do our duty that their presence, with the inevitable frictions which this presence must create, will be unnecessary, but, if we are too feeble to play our part in the defence of the world, we can scarcely argue that others should respect the sovereignty which we are incapable of maintaining."

(Continued on Page Five)

FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE

		Page
Pawns of Irgun and Moscow	David Scott	6
U.K.'s Crisis and Canada	Frank Flaherty	8
Career of Eva Peron	John Seymour	12
Billy Rose's One-Man Show	Nat Benson	14
A Better Section 98?	B. K. Sandwell	16
New Zealand's State Housing	James Browne	26

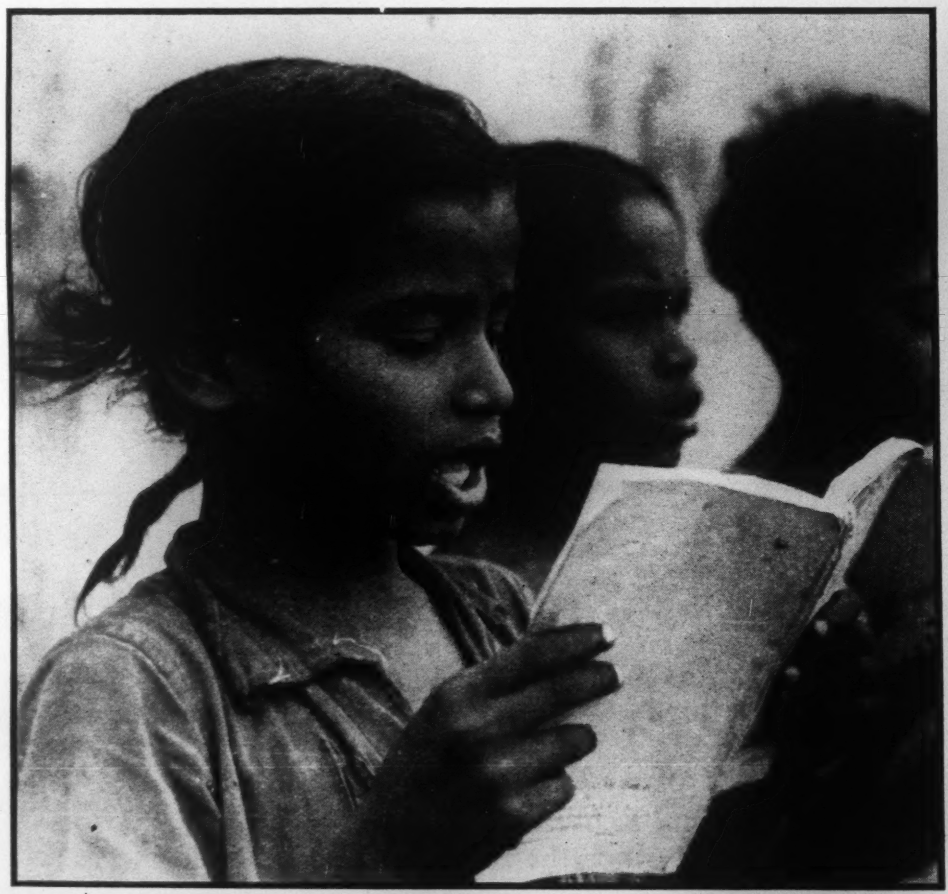
India Must Have Fewer People Producing More

By Sydney Jacobson

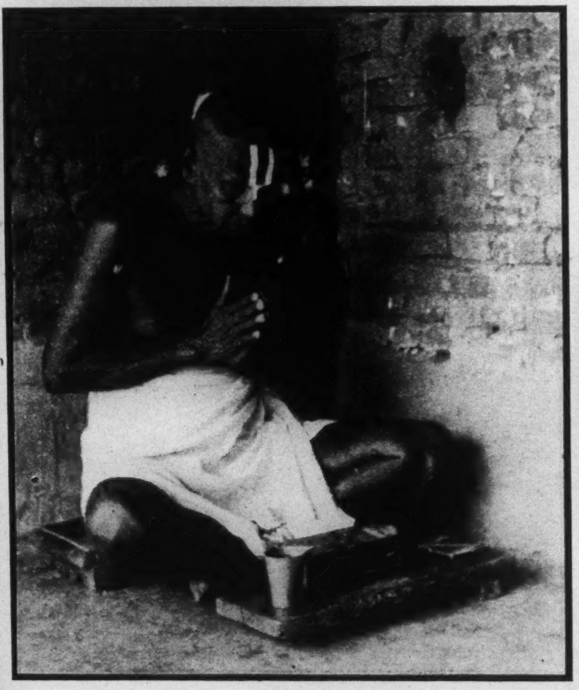
THE headman of Mudichar was puzzled. Why did we want to take photographs of his village? "There are many others like it, we are ordinary people. Nothing happens here." He was right, of course. Mudichar, 30 miles out of Madras, with 300 inhabitants, is much like any other village in South India. Yet more than 70 per cent of India's population, about 300,000,000 people, live in its Mudichars, and India's greatest problem is how to make life better for them. Outwardly there has been little progress for generations, but, even in Mudichar, you can see the shaping of vast changes.

The first thing you notice about Mudichar is that there are two villages, not one. The outcastes' village, the *cheri*, is a little way off. The huts are smaller, dirtier, poorer. Who are these outcastes? The earliest inhabitants of India; they were absorbed by later conquerors but never became part of Hindu society and remained outside as a pool of cheap labor. Gradually some of the worst restrictions are being lifted, and they may now mix fairly freely with caste Hindus, use the same wells for water, work together in the fields. But they still live separately, own no land, and do the dirtiest, worst-paid work. One of the best things about the Government schools in the villages is

India's greatest problem is how to make life better for the people of her villages who comprise 70 per cent of total population. These pictures, taken at Mudichar near Madras, are typical of thousands of such places in Southern India. Nearly all dwellings are huts of mud and thatch.



These children will see great changes. Their parents are illiterate but education is now compulsory, although most children only attend school for a year or two.



Cherished moment in Hindu's day. Caste mark freshly painted on brow, he prays to Vishnu.

Home of an "untouchable". Worst aspects of this system have gone but restrictions remain.

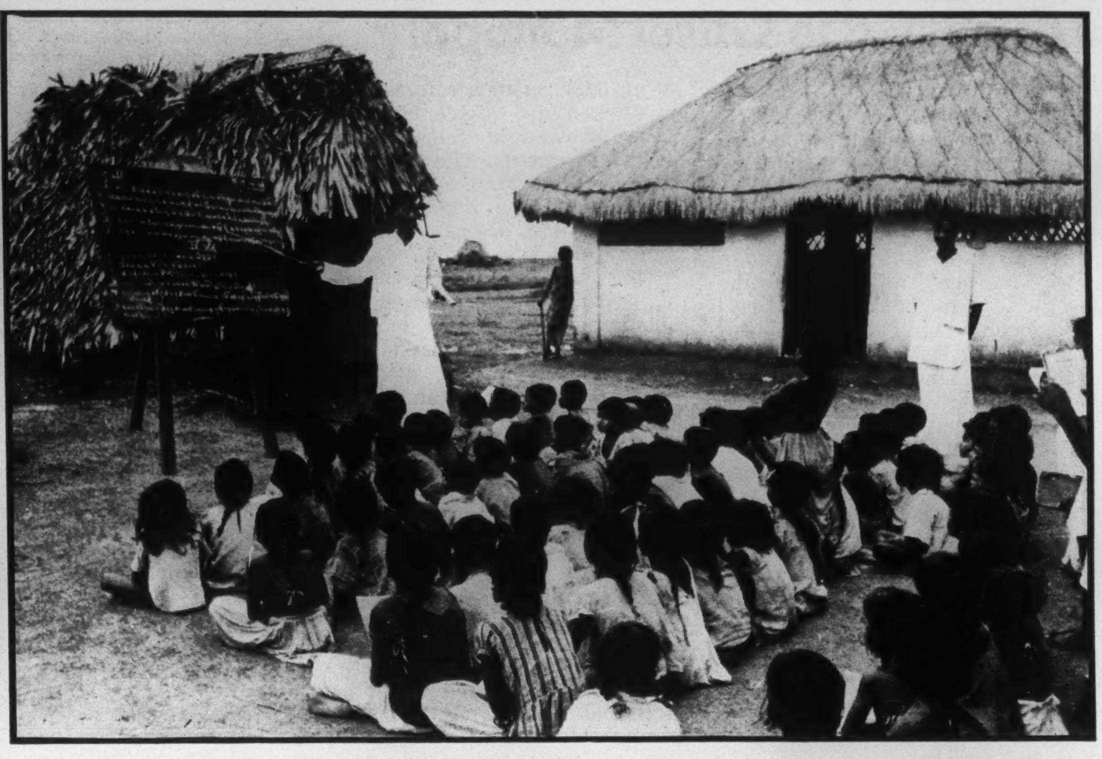
The pride of the village—the tailor possesses a real sewing machine.

No radio or movies. Recreation means simple games, talking, sitting in sun.

Rice is cut and taken to village threshing ground. Sheaves are threshed by hand, then stamped out again by cattle and the rice swept into bowls. Man on right is richest man in Mudichar.

On the Land and Draw Surplus Into Industry

There is no doctor, no nurse, but the barber, with a stock of medicines and a knowledge of first aid, combines all three jobs. His wife is the village midwife.



The school in this small community is attended by youngsters from a group of villages. While most of the children leave too soon, some will become a strong force for progress in their district.

that caste Hindu and outcaste children sit side by side.

All the houses are of baked mud, except three brick houses belonging to the tailor, the ration store and the village landlord.

The ration store is something new in Indian life. Cereals and sugar are rationed. In Madras Province, where everybody grows rice, eats rice and dies for lack of it, the present shortage is very severe. The ration of 10 ozs. is half what used to be one man's basic daily consumption. It took a lot of persuasion to get the women to learn to bake bread and most of them prefer instead to make a sort of porridge with the wheat ration. Cooking has always been simple, a matter of boiling rice over an open fire and adding a few spices and vegetables. The fuel is twigs, and cakes of cow-dung.

The rice-fields lie all around the village. Farming methods are primitive. Wooden ploughs (sometimes with tips of steel) are pulled by bullocks. The rice is cut by hand, sheaves first being threshed by hand, then stamped out by cattle. Rice is then swept into bowls and winnowed by shaking. For a full day's plowing a hired man gets 12 annas — about 25 cents — and a meal. But over the year he is lucky if he averages four days a week. The peasants who farm their own fields live on what they grow and sell any surplus.

There isn't a single radio or movie-theatre in the village. Not more than half-a-dozen homes have lamps to light in the evening. For the majority of the people, life is a pattern of work, food, talk and sleep.

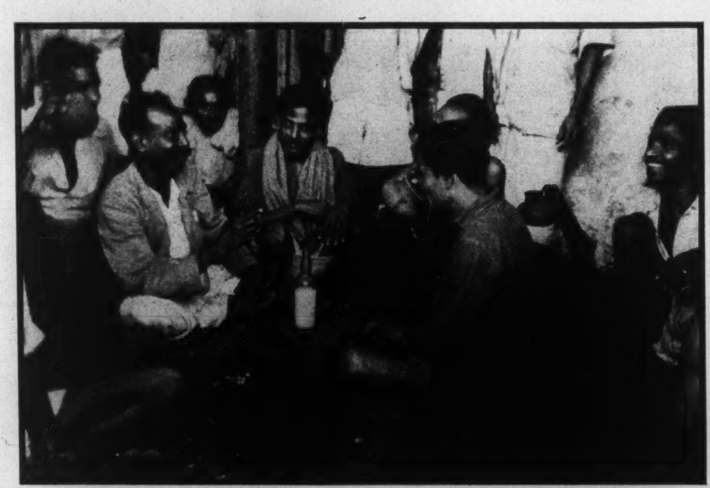
BUT under this placid surface there are great forces at work. Education and politics. Schools are still too few, understaffed, badly equipped, inadequately inspected. But, every year, more children are going to them, are beginning to think.

And now, even in the remoter villages, they have heard of this new thing, independence, and they look for concrete results — more food, more money. The Nationalist movement is no longer the only one interested in the villages. The Communists are making big efforts. At Mudichar we found a red flag flying outside the village. The headman said it had been left by some strangers who had come there and told them to organize a peasants' union.

The war did not leave Mudichar unchanged. It took away some of its men. They came back with new ideas and conceptions of the sort of life they want.

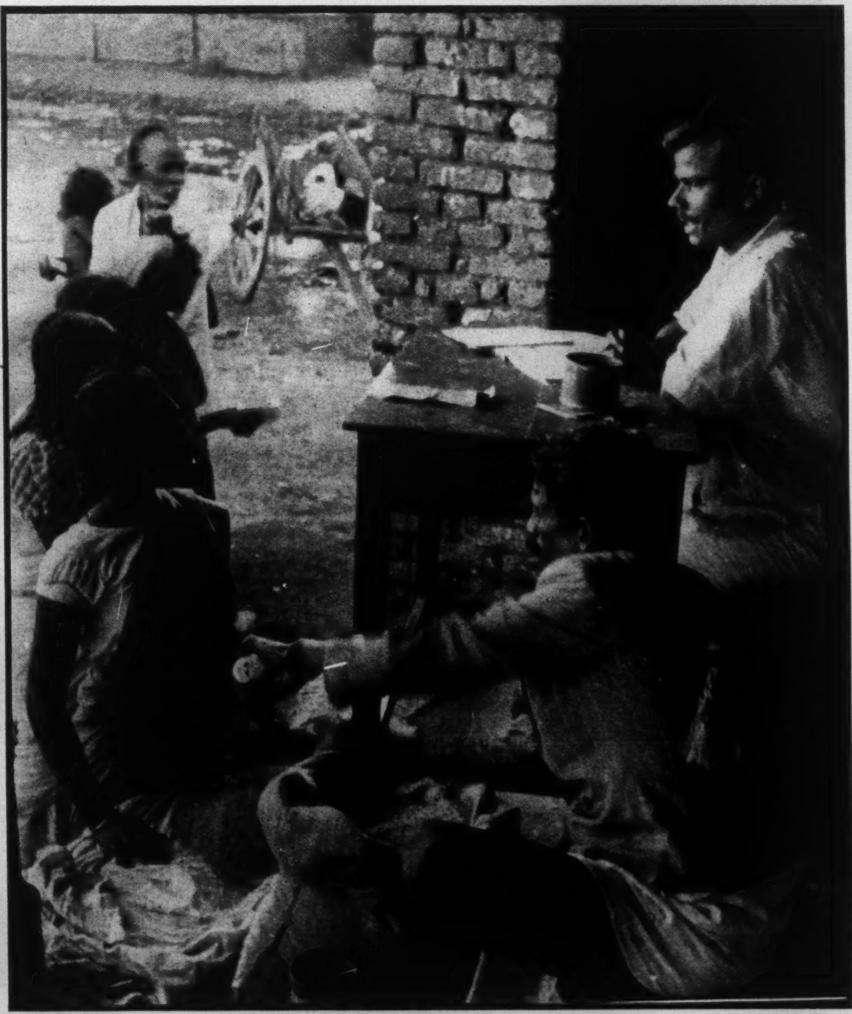
What is the future of India's Mudichars? The problem is easy to state and difficult to solve. There are too many people in India living too poorly on the land. Industry employs fewer than 5 per cent of the population, and its contribution to the national income is only 12 per cent, as compared to nearly 50 per cent in Britain and 60 per cent in the U.S.

The basic task is to have fewer people producing more on the land, by improved farming, and to draw off the surplus into industry. Only thus can India hope for a better life, inside her villages and out.



Rum shops selling wine tapped from palm trees lure men who have few other relaxations. In parts, sale is banned.

Where the women meet. They come for water and stop to gossip. "Untouchables" may now use the general pool.



Ration store. In present shortage all cereals and sugar are rationed. Allocation is 10 ozs. rice daily (half normal consumption) and 2 ozs. wheat.

There has been a dispute between two villagers. Drummer has called a meeting of the Elders; after hearing . . .

. . . both sides, ruling will be given. Above, sodden rice fields. If crop fails, the people will die. Until now bread was never eaten in S. India.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

Small, Local Production Units Advocated to Offset Monopoly

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN THE editorial "A Delicate Machine" (S.N., July 12) you complain of governmental interference in the economic systems of this continent. To get a complete picture of the relations of government to industry on this continent, one ought to look into such mines of information as "Government and the American Economy" by Fainsod and Gordon (New York, 1941), which reveal most clearly how, over the last 25 years especially, our governments have, under the pressure of economic necessity, been shedding their fundamental democracy, and becoming, consciously or unconsciously, the dominant influence in industry and the country's economy in general.

This is inevitable in a capitalistic system. To hear too many economists talk, one would be led to believe that the system is a static, readily definable process. But capitalism is continually in a state of flux, and presents very different aspects at different periods of its history. Today's monopoly capitalism bears very little resemblance to the ideal of "free enterprise," and is the completely natural result of the capitalistic process, which operates by the elimination of competitors, and eventually means the elimination of competition.

To prevent this logical end, legislation is needed on an ever-increasing scale, so that the struggle is now between state socialism and an intensified monopoly capitalism, — and by either system the average consumer is the loser, both in money and liberty.

The only democratic solution to this invitation to Communism is a program whereby our social-minded inventors and economic advisors, with the cooperation of the public, can break down industry into small, community-owned production units. Studies relating to this idea, such as those of Ralph Borsodi, maintain that in two-thirds of today's manufactures, the economies effected by mass production are offset by increased costs involved in mass distribution over large areas. The obvious solution, for the welfare of the consumer, is the localization of industry, under the operation of cooperating community groups.

This solution is workable, but highly improbable, because it requires initiative on the part of the common citizen which is far removed from the present "let or make the government do it" trend of public opinion. But it remains a fact that true liberty cannot survive, no matter how "democratic" our government, if economic power becomes centralized and monopolized.

London, Ont. H. C. FRANCIS

Help for Britain

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

I AM writing to let you know that as a result of the recent article in SATURDAY NIGHT by Mr. H. G. L. Strange (S.N., May 31), there has been a most wonderful response from individuals in Canada, who have written direct to us asking for names of people in this country to whom they can send food parcels. We have already had the great pleasure of sending the names of 23 families to those who have so kindly offered us their help. We feel deeply grateful to the people in Ontario for their kindness and generosity, and for all they are doing by giving such practical help to the people in Great Britain, and we shall never be able to thank them enough.

I have so many happy memories of my own brief visit to Canada last year, and the great kindness of the people there. I should like to send you our most sincere thanks for all you have done through your publication to interest the Canadian public in helping this country in these difficult times.

Yours sincerely,
ELSA DUNBAR,
Head of Empire and Foreign Department, Women's Voluntary Services.

London, Eng.

Lord Balfour

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN THE report that Lord Balfour was paid a pension as a poor ex-cabinet minister (S.N., July 26) you do a mischief to a fine memory. The man everybody in Canada will think of was Arthur James Balfour, Conservative prime minister, and for a long generation an Elder Statesman. Before he died in 1930 he had become Earl of Balfour (popularly "Lord Balfour"). A. J. was rich and unmarried, well able to look after himself, a man of delicate honor. I daresay P.O'D. can justify himself if he transfers the pension to a certain Bruce who held the historic title of "Balfour of Burleigh". Bruce was a Scottish laird (and peer) who had served many years in cabinets and, being comparatively poor, would be able quite properly to claim the pension. But "A. J.", never!

G. C. THOMSON

Swift Current, Sask.

Mass Dreaming

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

I AM NOT a psychologist and my interest in psychoanalysis is amateur but I take exception to your attitude in "Mass Dreaming" (S.N., Aug. 2). Like most things, psychoanalysis has some absurd aspects but I sense in your tone a contempt, and, oddly enough, a materialism.

Of course, such a program on the C.B.C. would be universally scoffed at, not only by your proud plume but also by the solid cheese-and-dill-pickle - sandwich - eating gentlemen who get nightmares from thinking about the very existence of the C.B.C. . . . If you had any real respect for psychoanalysis, you would laugh at its oddities but at the same time salaam before its importance. . . . Your public is contemptuous because it thinks psychoanalysis is opposed to Religion and Respectability. I should like to see our clergy all trained in psychoanalysis and psychotherapy.

How do you know that the dreams you mention don't produce the desire for the sandwiches? And since men call automobiles, ships and sandwich-machines "she", how do you know that wives and automobiles don't often mean the same thing to many men, especially with marital relations what they are today?

Toronto, Ont. GRAHAM COTTER

Barring Communists

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

DON'T you really think that in this matter of "barring Communists" (S.N., Aug. 2), if they are to be barred at all, it is more important to keep them from being officers of trade unions than of "incorporated company, or of a church, or of a public welfare society, or of a city council, etc."? As officers in unions they can threaten strikes and call strikes which work serious damage upon the economy, peace and order of the country. Executive positions in some of the other classes of society which you name could hardly present the same possibility of promoting Communism and damaging our democratic system of government. Recall the trouble we had in this city last summer during the steel strike.

If Communists could do better elsewhere than they can in trade unions, they would seek executive jobs there too. And so far they concentrate on the unions.

Your suggestion of a new Section 98 of the Criminal Code might be the answer to the problem of barring Communists without basically violating the principle of civil rights.

Hamilton, Ont. H. T. GOSS

A Kind Word

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

ALTHOUGH I don't often write to editors, I felt I must do so in the case of SATURDAY NIGHT. As one of your young British readers who, thanks to the generosity of a good Canadian friend, has enjoyed your publication for the past eight months, I want to tell you how very much I have appreciated its regular weekly arrival.

I have read with pleasure the great variety of articles, stories and pictures offered for my instruction and entertainment. Some have been more interesting than others, but in my view none have been bad and none have been dull.

My own sense of humor invariably reacts with keen delight to the blend of irony, sarcasm and logic which illuminates the leading articles.

SATURDAY NIGHT is teaching me much about Canada and what I learn I try to pass on.

Liverpool, Eng. NEIL LAIDLER

Report on Greece

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

RODERICK MACKINNON'S article on Greece (S.N., June 14) was recently translated into Greek for ESTIA, the most honest newspaper published in Athens and acclaimed by many to be the best in the Balkans and Middle East. Not a great deal of favorable material has been published about the present regime in Greece and Mr. MacKinnon's article was received with a great round of applause. The picture is exactly as he paints it. I personally laud and commend his keen observation.

Athens, Greece. JULIA HANIDIS

Too Long a Holiday

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

JAY MILLER'S article "Too Long Holiday for Congress" (S.N., July 26) shrewdly forecast some of the troubles that already seem to be brewing. It is quite possible that Congress' hurry to get away from Washington heat instead of doing something about implementing the Marshall Plan, for instance, might have brought to a head the present British exchange crisis. And while congressmen sound out their constituencies with next year's election in mind or fly off on look-see junkets around the globe, legislation about admitting displaced persons to the U.S. must wait until Jan. 1, 1948, unless a special session is called this fall.

As Mr. Miller stated, too long a vacation for senators and representatives is one manoeuvre that may cause the U.S. to lose the fight for permanent peace in Europe.

Montreal, Que. A. R. HARRISON

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Passing Show

ONE of the reasons why so little is being produced in Europe now is that so many people spend so much time queue-ing up for goods because so little is being produced.

•

Socialists, according to Mr. Winch of British Columbia, are justified in breaking capitalist laws. Presumably capitalists, in Saskatchewan for example, are equally justified in breaking Socialist laws,— or are they?

•

The C.P.R. has been trying to rid its trains of hoboes and other fellow travellers who were "riding the rods." The C.N.R., however, continues to offer its usual "Courtesy and Service" to all.

•

Old Fashioned Courtesy

By mistake the beauty contest in Peterborough, Ont., produced two winners. Said Joyce, "I've been disgraced over this gossip about the girdle . . . I have no hard feelings now against Theresa." Said Theresa, "Joyce has been most fair about this misunderstanding. If anyone accused her of wearing a girdle it was not me." That sort of diplomacy is quite out of date, since Bevin and Gromyko.

•

The iron curtain seems to have entered into the world's soul.

•

The British motorist will now get only enough gas to drive nine miles a day. But with all his queues he can hardly have time for much more.

•

Deaths from starvation in Spain are put down as due to old age or tuberculosis. Deaths from over-eating in Canada are not correctly recorded either.

The British Amalgamated Engineering Union has decided not to allow Poles to become members or to work on any union job. They may come into the country but they mustn't earn a living.

•

If we had missed our "targets" in war as we are falling short of them in peace, Herr Hitler would now be master of the world.

•

The Royal Bank of Canada says the Canadian Indian is not a vanishing race. This will disappoint some of our race-purity enthusiasts, because he's pretty difficult to deport too.

•

New Geography

Maps used in German schools must not show any international boundaries. It is believed that this will convince the little Germans that the world is all one vast happy family. (Or else that it is no use learning boundaries because the next war will change them all.)

•

No sooner does Premier Drew manage to get some immigrants from England than Prime Minister Attlee announces a shortage - of - manpower crisis. There seems no limit to what these politicians will do to each other.

•

William P. Odom has flown around the world in 73 hours and 5 minutes. Almost as fast as a rumor.

•

Many a marriage used to result from steamship acquaintance. The modern girl is a swift worker, but she will have to be if she is to get a romance going in an airplane crossing of the Atlantic.

•

Lucy points out that the safety deposit boxes are perfectly safe. It is the contents of them that need insuring.

—Photo by National Film Board

The Rt. Hon. Ian Alistair Mackenzie, Minister of Veterans Affairs, whose marriage to Miss Helen MacRae of Winnipeg, will take place in Ottawa in September. Born in Assynt, Scotland, in 1890, the son of George and Anne (McRae) Mackenzie, Mr. Mackenzie was educated at the famous Highland school of Kingussie and at Edinburgh University where he graduated in 1911. In 1914 he came to British Columbia and later saw service with the Seaforth Highlanders, C.E.F. Returning to Canada he took up law and started on his political career when he was elected to B.C.'s Legislative Assembly in 1920 as Member for Vancouver. He holds many academic honors for his knowledge of Celtic languages and literature.

The Front Page

(*Continued from Page One*)

It is not certain that "feebleness" is the whole reason why Canada might require the presence of United States troops in her territory. It is entirely conceivable that the United States might find the presence of Canadian troops useful, let us say in Alaska, in certain emergencies, and the *Letter-Review* presumably would not then speak of the United States as being feeble. It is a matter of the most effective use of the forces made available by two countries for a single purpose, that of their joint defence, and it is entirely possible that fully half of that defence might have to be done in the territory of the nation possessing only one-twelfth of the total population.

"YOUR BABIES NOW"

Copyright in All Countries

Recontrol

HOW soon shall we have to renew some of the wartime controls that we have been dropping during the past two years? The question is emphasized by the sweeping powers that the British Government has just got from Parliament; and, nearer home, the United States has just reimposed export controls on steel. We have been more careful about abandoning controls than the people of the United States. For instance Ottawa still has power to control not only the exports but the production of steel. Nevertheless we should be prepared for some move in this direction, and we should be willing to accept it.

If North America, especially the United States, wants to save Western Europe from its Eastern menace there will have to be huge shipments of food and other supplies. Finance—the supplying of the needed U.S. dollars—is not enough; if the goods are not made available as well the expenditure of the dollars simply leads to an inflationary rise in prices. In just this way a large portion of the last American loan to Great Britain was frittered away. The only way to ensure that the goods are available without the price rise is government control. We may hope to get by without any more consumer rationing than we now have, (nevertheless from the world point of view both the United States and ourselves dropped too much food rationing too quickly). But renewed controls over production and trade may very well be needed.

PHOENIX

SAY what you will, the heart will not be
  shaken
By the relentless logic of the brain;
Here is a trap unsprung, a snare untaken,
From a covert of sorrow the heart takes flight
  again.
This is the bird of mystery, the ageless
Phoenix, incredible and lovely bird,
Conceived in immortality, and cageless
As any echo of a spoken word.
Though you speed cunning barbs of thought
  and reason
To curb that flight, your failure is entire,
Since in an earlier age, a younger season,
It rose triumphant from a bed of fire.

R. H. GRENVILLE

Classical Association

THE Ontario Classical Association has changed its name to the Classical Association of Canada, and thereby enlarged its scope and we hope its prospects of usefulness. The University of Toronto Press has taken over the publication of its journal, *The Phoenix*. The annual fee is four dollars. We cannot say that the Association's work is likely to be of much interest to anybody who has never learned the Greek alphabet; but there must be many persons in Canada who, though their present occupation has nothing to do with the classics, nevertheless spent a good many years at school and four at the university in making the acquaintance of the two greatest of the "dead" languages, and we should imagine that some of these would be glad to take part in a movement which aims at the restoration of those languages to something like their old position in our Western culture.

Provost Seeley of Trinity, who was president of the Ontario body last year, made a powerful plea for the value of the discipline of mind afforded by translation from one to the other of two languages so different in their thought-forms as Latin and English, as well as for the incomparable importance of the classic literatures as a means to the proper use of leisure. He referred to the possibility that Europe may never recover culturally from its present devastation, and that the New World may thus become the chief home of the whole tradition of Western civilization. In that event the whole future of mankind will be vitally affected by the decision of the New World as to whether or not it will allow the channels by which we now draw constant nourishment from the best thought of one of humanity's greatest epochs to be completely blocked.

Layman's Theology

A GOOD deal of the discussion in the interesting little book, "A Layman's Theology", by the Rev. Harvey G. Forster, Th.D., and Col. Frank Moss (Ryerson, paper, 75 cents), is probably beside the mark for those to whom it is directed. No Protestant who finds difficulty in believing that the world was created in six "days," that Jonah was kept alive for some time in the belly of a fish, and that man was created innocent and "fell" from that estate to his present obvious addiction to wickedness, need remain for that reason outside of the visible Christian Church, for there are plenty of religious bodies in which his views will be not merely tolerated but very widely shared.

Col. Moss seems to want the churches to declare explicitly that the Creation story is a "myth" and Jonah's adventure a figure of speech; Dr. Forster seems prepared to admit that they are, but to think that the churches ought not to offend needlessly those who want to believe that they are literally true.

The two debaters, both well-known residents of Ontario, seem to get along fairly well until it comes to the Incarnation. Even here Dr. Forster is willing to exclude from the essentials of faith "a physical resurrection or a miraculous birth". This again is a point on which Col. Moss would find plenty of ecclesiastics quite willing to go as far as Dr. Forster; there is a widespread and probably growing disposition among Protestants to put no reliance upon miracles as evidence in matters of faith.

At some point, however, it seems to us, the searching heart must find itself compelled to step beyond the boundaries of that scientific research by which Col. Moss wants everything to be tested. No amount of scientific research from now till the end of the world can prove or disprove the "revelation" of God in the person of the Founder of Christianity. Dr. Forster at one point calls this revelation a "hypothesis", but a hypothesis is something which can be tested by scientific methods and abandoned if the tests do not work. Dr. Forster also finds that the Incarnation "creates values, or in other words makes for the preservation of the physical life of the race." Surely this is conceding too much to Col. Moss. The Incarnation does not create values, it reveals them, and they have nothing whatever to do with "the preservation of the physical life of the race". Nevertheless this little booklet is an interesting and unusually frank discussion.

Alan Sullivan

THE death of Mr. Alan Sullivan at the advanced age of 79 removes one who has been a prominent figure in the professional literary life of Canada for 40 years and who was still in the full flood of creative activity. It is only two or three years since a new and highly imaginative play from his pen was presented at the Arts and Letters Club in Toronto, and the manuscript of his life of F. H. Clergue, founder of the Sault industries, reached the publishers only a few weeks before his death.

He was a prolific writer under at least two signatures, and everything that he turned out bore the mark of the experienced and careful craftsman. He probably made more money by that part of his writing which had no relation to Canada, but he certainly enjoyed more fully, and put more of himself into, the works which had a Canadian subject. He had a lively understanding, somewhat rare in our imaginative writers, of the spirit of enterprise and daring which characterized the economic life of Canada before 1930, and for that reason his work may at the moment be less appreciated than it will be when something of that spirit again animates our leaders.

Reduction of Hours

THE strong tendency towards the reduction of working hours which has been going on in the industrially advanced countries since the First World War, and which is specially rapid at the present time, has some economic effects which have not been adequately considered. Obviously, unless it is offset by an increase in the working force, it reduces the total amount of work done, and this in turn reduces the total output of goods and services unless it is offset by an increased use of machinery. An increase in the working force can be obtained by increasing the population, but this in turn increases the consumption of goods and services; or it can be obtained by employing a larger percentage of the population.

If it were possible to confine the reduction in hours to the industries in which it can readily be offset by mechanization, we should be pretty much where we were; but this is not the case. A reduction in one industry is a powerful lever (especially where unions are strong) for bringing about a reduction in another industry. Consequently there comes to be eventually about as much reduction in, let us say, logging and mining as in the most concentrated and hence mechanizable manufacturing industries. The degree of unionization rather than the possibility of mechanization is the determining factor.

Now where mechanization is not readily feasible this reduction of hours calls imperatively for a larger labor force. That is the trouble with the coal industry in Britain today, and with a number of extractive industries in Canada and the United States. But where can this larger labor force be obtained? The work involved is the hardest kind of muscular labor. It is useless to expect to draw recruits from people who have proved themselves capable of earning wages in an easier or "higher" occupation; and the native Canadian population is on the whole constantly educating itself for such occupations. Logging and mining together employ 9 per cent of the industrially employed population of Canada. Reduce their per capita output by only one-tenth, and you will need 10 per cent instead of 9 per cent of the industrial force to do the same job of productive work—and it *must* be done if the industries which depend on mineral and forest raw materials are to be kept in operation. But the additional one per cent cannot be obtained from among the 91 per cent in other employments; they may be lured away from one such employment to another, but they will not be lured to logging and mining. And there is practically no unemployment pool to draw from.

Not World Government

THE futility of the main designs of the "World Government Association" which is now operating in Canada as well as the United States could hardly be better demonstrated than by the fact that it is now interesting itself in the proposition of forming an "Atlantic Community" to be composed of all the Western European countries along with those of North America and eventually perhaps of Australia and South Africa. If the Association would concentrate on this proposition which has absolutely nothing to do with its main objective, it might have some chance of getting somewhere, though the difficulties even here are sufficiently serious.

The Atlantic Community project, however, has the immense merit, as compared with World Government, of avoiding all the problems which arise from the graver forms of racial, religious, political and traditional differences. The territory covered is that of the ancient civilization of Western Christendom together with the New World of which Western Christendom took possession a few centuries ago and in which its civilization is the supremely dominant force. There are many considerations favorable to the establishment of such a community, chief among them being the complete freedom of movement of goods, persons and financial tokens which would become possible over the whole territory, and which would overcome the present terrible imbalance between the richer and poorer parts of the area. If voting power were distributed in proportion to population, the United States, Britain and France would between them constitute an effective majority, and with a reasonable amount of autonomy left to the local authorities in local matters the resultant central government should not be too unsatisfactory even to small-population countries like Denmark and Austria.

An American news service points out that the suggestion for an Anglo-American union, to extend to currency, military forces, and even citizenship has now been endorsed by a "Cabinet-level Englishman", and that this is the first time it has received an endorsation from so high a source. Such a union ought certainly to offer membership to any other country of Western Christendom which desires to join it. There are many obstacles of national prejudice and national selfishness in its way, but it may not be impossible, and its achievement would certainly be a great safe-guard against the domination of the world by a totally different kind of civilization.

BESIDE HIGHWAY NO. 11

SHE lives in a house by the side of the road,
  And, no doubt, is a friend to man.
But she watches the motorists pass her abode,
  Each driving as fast as he can,
And says to her constant companion, the cat,
"Too many fool people won't stay where
  they're at."

"They must rush to the lake, they must rush
  to the city,
  And what will they do when arriving
But bore themselves stiff? It seems a great
  pity
  That they're never at rest but when driving.
I'm sick of the motor-horn's resolute blat.
Too many fool people won't stay where they're
  at."

J.E.M.

Jewish Refugees Are Pawns of the Irgun and Moscow

By DAVID SCOTT

The activities of the Irgun Zwai Leumi in France are Communist-backed and organized to the point of setting up reception centres and land and sea transportation facilities for Jewish refugees on their way to enter Palestine illegally. The French Government makes little effort to stop this traffic.

The British Intelligence Service, however, is aware of the activities of Irgun in France and the channels through which the illegal movement of refugees flows, hoping to keep it within bounds at Palestinian ports. Contrary to a recent Anglophobe report in New York's newspaper P.M., the British Government is not secretly bullying or threatening the French Government to "save Bevin's face" or disguise the incompetence of the Royal Navy.

This British journalist, who is now visiting Canada, believes that the illegal immigration into Palestine, besides complicating the task of the British authorities, causes needless hardship to innocent Jewish immigrants, pawns of Irgun and its Moscow supporters.

A RECENT article in the New York weekly *P.M.* was a fine example of deliberate or ignorant misstatement, masquerading under the guise of comment on a situation of peculiar delicacy. Under the title "Britain's Cold War Against the Jews", the writer described the machinations of the British Government, which, according to him, was carrying on a cold-blooded underground campaign in many countries to prevent unfortunate Jewish refugees and "displaced persons" in Europe from reaching the Promised Land. Pressure of all kinds, he said, was being put on the French and other governments to prevent them from facilitating the transit of Jewish emigrants through their territory. And the sole objects of this heartless and unscrupulous campaign were to cover the failure of the British Navy to prevent illegal immigration, and to save the face of Mr. Bevin, who had hitherto been unable to check it by diplomatic means.

Such a picture is absurd on the face of it, but it is much more than that. It is calculated to exacerbate Jewish feeling against Britain and to add fuel to the flames in a situation already dangerous, and difficult enough without propaganda of this kind. By publishing such an article *P.M.* gave one more proof of its sympathy with Moscow and its methods. For in the world-wide campaign of sabotage waged by the Kremlin, Britain, as a "capitalist" country, naturally comes in for a special share of attention. In India and the Middle East, and especially in Palestine, where the agents of Moscow find an explosive state of things ready to their hands, Moscow has done all it can by indirect means to increase the difficulties of the British. It has been active in promoting communal strife in India, it has supplied the Jewish terrorists with arms and money, and it is the mainspring of the European organization by which Jewish emigrants in excess of the permitted quotas are started on their journey toward Palestine.

In France, where the administration is honeycombed with Communist cells and the Government is unable to exercise effective control over its own agents in the pay of the Communist party, the passage of illegal Jewish emigrants through the country in the last year assumed such proportions that it could no longer be called clandestine. One had only to take a walk along the Paris Boulevards or to stand for ten minutes in the Place de l'Opéra to see a cross-section of European Jewry on its way from Central and eastern Europe—and in many cases from Russia itself—to the French ports where they were to be embarked. Singly or in groups, they could be recognized at a glance, and they made no effort to conceal themselves. Bearded rabbis in long black coats, white collars and round black hats, respectable but seedy individuals in shoddy store-suits and worn-down shoes, genuine ragged refugees carrying bundles, Polish and Ukrainian Jews with long ringlets hanging to their shoulders—all were there.

Innocent Dupes

For a few days after their arrival they would wander aimlessly about the streets or congregate in certain cafés where they met the guides and agents who took care of them. Then they would be gone, and within a few days a fresh contingent would take their places. Many were innocent dupes of agents who had assured them that they could enter Palestine and settle down there without difficulty. All of them looked forward to the same program—a short stay in France, followed by embarkation at a French port, a sea voyage and safe arrival, with or without the permission of the British authorities, at their destination.

The attitude of the French authorities to this mass movement, which they knew to be highly inconvenient to their war-time ally, was one of good-humored toleration. It was no part of their Government's policy, they said, to prevent the migration of displaced persons from Europe if they could find means of transport. France had always opened her doors to political refugees, and she still did so. Provided the Jews did not stay too long in the country and become a financial burden to it, they could go as they pleased. The Government had a definite agreement with two official Zionist organizations in Paris by which the number of incoming immigrants was limited. Those who needed it were temporarily housed in a camp near Limoges and the Zionist committees made themselves responsible for seeing that the quota was not exceeded and that the immigrants, who had regular transit visas, did not overstay their time.

All this was perfectly regular from an international viewpoint, and the British Government raised no objection. Unfortunately the traffic opened the way for illegal emigration on an increasing scale.

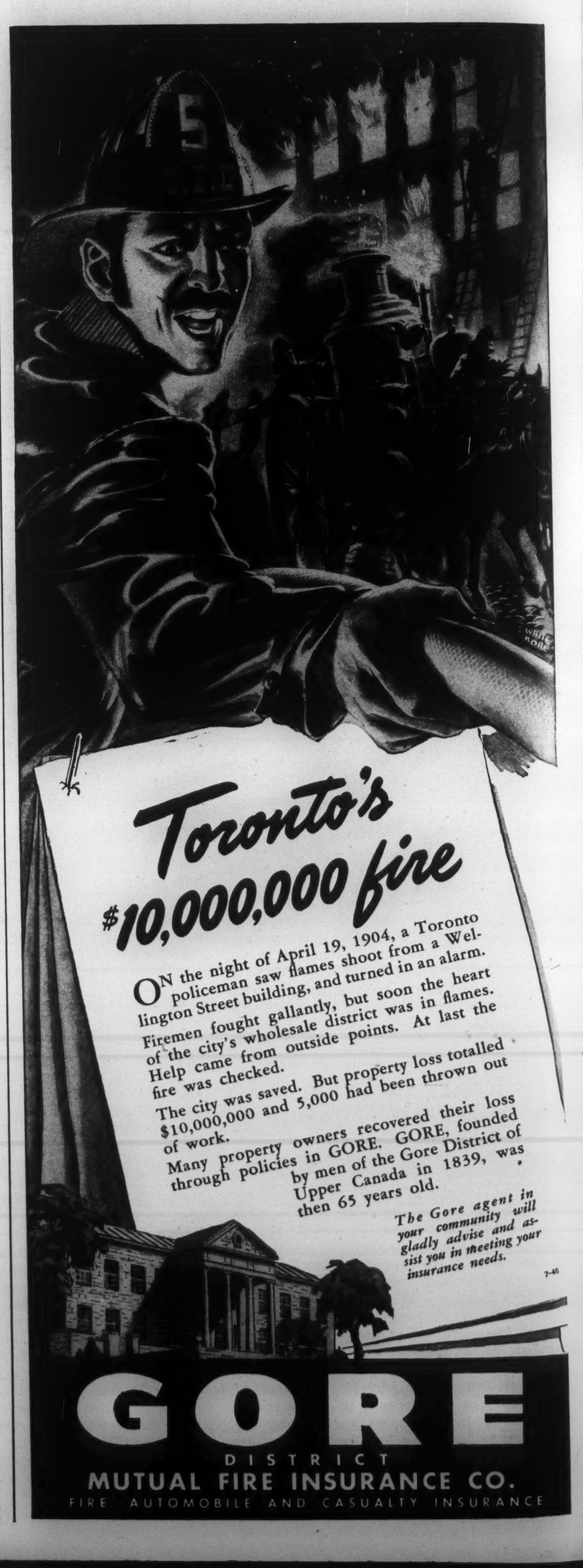
Boasts of Terrorism

Irgun Zwai Leumi, the underground organization which not only admits but boasts of its responsibility for most of the terrorist outrages committed in Palestine, soon found ways of grafting on to the regular contingents of emigrants a much larger volume of Jewish travellers, most of whom came from the Russian-occupied zones of Germany and Austria, as well as from Poland, the Ukraine and other eastern European areas. These people crossed the French frontier without difficulty, being provided with forged visas and passports which were apparently in order, but were supplied to them by Communist and Jewish underground agencies. French customs officers, many of whom are in the pay of the Communists, let them pass without hindrance, and the authorities in Paris found it impossible to check the movement. A French official naively told me that to stop it the Government would have to recruit an entirely new corps of *douaniers* and set up a special police force which would cost several billions of francs; *"alors, vous comprenez . . ."*

In Paris and its suburbs the Irgun agents, who are to be found everywhere in France, set up a chain of reception centres to which the immigrants are directed on arrival. A proportion of them have independent means. These are left to find accommodation for themselves but asked to keep in touch with headquarters so that they may know when they can sail for Palestine. When there is no room in the hotels they are given the addresses of resident Jewish families who put them up for the duration of their stay in France. The less fortunate are distributed among the reception centres, given pocket-money and housed and fed by Irgun.

Many of them, at this stage, are recruited into the Jewish "underground army" for service against the British in Palestine. Many others are already active agents of Irgun, mingling with the emigrants to supervise them and to slip through the British blockade.

The regular Zionist organizations have occasionally complained to the French authorities about this movement which is harmful to them and



makes legal emigration difficult, but nothing effective is done to prevent it. Irgun Zwai Leumi has the advantage of being supported in secret by influential Jews whose identity is not easily detected. Some of them work from within relief organizations and international committees of good standing. An American relief organization for displaced persons in Europe is believed to be, consciously or unconsciously, the source of much aid to the illegal traffic. Several Jewish newspapers and periodicals are published in Paris, and members of their staffs are active agents of Irgun; several Paris correspondents of Jewish papers published in Palestine are also believed to be using their position as a cloak for underground activities.

Supplied with Money

The movement is never short of funds; immigrants to France are well supplied with money, and huge sums have been spent on chartering or buying ships and boats of all sorts and sizes for the transport of Jews, often at prices far above their real value.

In postwar France, after four years' practice in flouting the authority of the German occupying forces, every other man is a racketeer and anything can be had for a price. Irgun has made some very bad shipping bargains, but since money is no object this does not deter it. The country is riddled with secret arms depots left behind by the retreating Germans for use in a possible Fascist rising; Irgun has acquired its share of these arms and guards them closely. Occasionally a secret depot is revealed by accident, as happened in the case of a château near Bordeaux last summer, where crates labelled "medical stores" and consigned to a Jewish relief organization were found to be crammed with weapons. At one time soldiers of a Jewish brigade formed by the British Army during the war were often seen on leave in Paris, wearing their distinctive badge, and it was commonly reported that these men were instrumental in supplying Irgun agents with arms and munitions from British stores in Holland and Belgium.

The "clandestine" reception centres in Paris were not hard to find; one had only to follow a group of obvious Jewish immigrants to be led to them sooner or later. In the Avenue de l'Opéra, at the intersection of the Rue d'Antin, is a café regularly used by Irgun agents as a meeting place. A stranger has only to go in there, sit down and order a cup of coffee, and within a few minutes he will be approached by a somewhat furtive individual who will ask what time it is or borrow a match and then put some apparently innocent question which contains a password. If he gives the right answer he will be directed to the nearest reception centre. If he does not, the enquirer will walk away.

Inside Information

An enterprising young French reporter of my acquaintance went to this café, overheard the password for the day and got into conversation with a group of Irgun men. He told them that he was a Jew from Alsace, was employed and would like to get to Palestine. They told him to report at a reception centre in the Rue d'Antin, and he would be given the necessary papers. A little hearty abuse of the British by him gained their confidence. He stayed for some time talking with them and received an interesting lecture on the technique of terrorism. Finally two of the men said they were leaving for London that night and meeting another agent who would be arriving from England by the Newhaven-Dieppe service. They asked the young man if he would care to go with them, meet their colleague — who spoke no French—at Dieppe and accompany him back to Paris to act as his interpreter. He accepted the mission, travelled to Dieppe with the agents, stayed the night there at their expense and returned alone because the man from England failed to appear. He learned, however, that there was a regular going to and fro of agents with false papers between Paris and London, and his fellow-travellers assured him that this was easy work, for the British were too stupid to find out what was going on.

This, of course, was where they were wrong; they were not the first to be deceived by the superficial amateurishness of the British Intelligence Service. The British Embassy in Paris is perfectly aware of the activities of Irgun in France; its agents know the whereabouts and identities of the reception centres and most of the private sympathizers, and they watch them carefully. But until the British Government decided recently to ship back to the port they came from three shiploads of illegal emigrants who had sailed from France, it did nothing which could be construed as active intervention in that country. As long as the Intelligence Service knows through what channels the movement is flowing and its agents can keep track of it, the movement can be kept within bounds at the Palestinian ports, since the vessels that bring Jews from French and Italian ports can be intercepted. Premature action would simply cause Irgun to change its methods, and the business of locating and watching the points of entry, reception and exit would have to be begun over again.

It may be, of course, that the British Government, through its diplomatic representatives abroad, occasionally makes representations to the French or other Governments to keep some check on Irgun agents, as for instance when they blew up part of the British Embassy in Rome and threatened to do the same in Paris; but to represent it as secretly bullying and threatening these Governments, merely to "save Bevin's face" or disguise the incompetence of the Royal Navy, is just moonshine.

The fact remains that the illegal immigration into Palestine greatly complicates the task of the British authorities there and causes needless hardship to many innocent Jewish immigrants who are being used by Irgun and its Communist backers as pawns in a game of power politics.

Whether the British Government is right or wrong to persist in its guerrilla war with the Palestine extremists is another matter. On the face of it, it seems illogical to cling to Palestine while hastening the independence of India and Burma, and it may be that Whitehall is waiting only for the report of the United Nations Commission before announcing a change of policy. Meanwhile the British attempt, somewhat quixotically started by Lord Balfour after World War I, to establish a national home for the Jews has cost not a few lives of British soldiers and a great deal of money to the British taxpayer, without eliciting much in the way of grateful recognition from the Jews themselves.

Mr. Goodwin's shiny new aluminum wheelbarrow is the envy of the neighbours. Junior is as proud as a peacock of his miniature version. Mrs. Goodwin dotes on her new aluminum trowel . . . and her smart new garden chairs, sitting so invitingly in the shade. Yes, aluminum is a natural in the garden—so light to handle, so perennially rustproof, so enduring. Little wonder it is finding a lot of interesting new uses—in rakes and brooms, lawnmowers and ladders . . . Little wonder the Goodwins' neighbours are determined that from now on *their* garden tools are going to be aluminum, too.

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OTTAWA LETTER

U.K. Exchange Crisis Is Adding to Our U.S. Dollar Troubles

By FRANK FLAHERTY

Ottawa.

IT WOULD be putting it mildly to say that official Ottawa takes a grave view of the British exchange crisis and the measures announced by Prime Minister Attlee as a means of meeting that crisis. The fact that the Government has known for some months that the crisis was coming does not make it any easier to take, especially when there is a distinct lack of confidence that the worst aspects of the trouble have yet made their appearance.

In some respects the crisis confirms the wisdom of certain decisions taken by the Government and in other respects it raises doubts as to whether the Government chose the right course. The immediate practical effects of the British Government's decision to reduce imports are not clear in all their details but will be clarified in the course of a few weeks. They are certain to include some reduction in Canadian exports, probably not a serious curtailment. What is more serious will be the probable choking off of a supply of U.S. dollars to Canada. That will make the Canadian exchange position more difficult, probably hasten and make more certain the arrival of a crisis for Canada similar to that through which Britain is now passing.

Dollars From U.K.

For some time Britain has been meeting one half of its deficit on trade with Canada in U.S. dollars, largely derived from its American loan and the other half from the Canadian loan. That has aided Canada in keeping down the deficit on trade with the U.S. which results from our current high volume of imports as compared to our exports to that country.

As the end of the recent war approached and international talks began on the arrangement of the world's economy afterwards, Canada threw its weight solidly in favor of the restoration of a system of multilateral trade. The Government had really no choice in that since it appeared to be indisputable that Canada could not maintain a high national income without a booming export trade and one in which payments for goods delivered to some countries might be used to pay for goods received from others. The big source of payments had to be Britain and the big drain on payments was necessarily the U.S. About that time another and consequential policy decision was taken, to bolster our trading position with Britain by selling goods on highly favorable terms. This second decision resulted in long term contracts for the supply of basic food products, in some cases at less than world prices, wheat at $1.55 per bushel for example.

This consequential policy decision was the one which brought the Government the greatest amount of criticism both within and without parliament. The last has not yet been heard of this criticism. The critics seized on two points, the level of the wheat price and the fact that meat contracts necessitated an embargo on meat and livestock shipments to the United States where higher prices might have been obtained. It is also the decision which the present turn of events tends to prove wise. For Britain now has less incentive to cut down on exports of moderately priced food from Canada than on imports of more expensive food from elsewhere.

Is It Permanent?

The aspect of Canadian policy as to which the present outlook raises doubts is the hitching of Canadian economy to the British outlet for Canadian surpluses. That hitching in effect amounted to a gamble on Britain regaining her pre-war trading position and doing so under a multilateral system. In effect the Attlee restrictions represent a lowering of British sights on economic recovery. The question that is troubling Ottawa is to know whether that is a permanent or a temporary lowering. In other words, Canada's future prosperity would seem to turn on whether Britain is merely retreating to a new line and a stronger position from which to push on with its recovery drive or whether Britain is about to adjust itself to a permanently lower status in the field of international trade, an adjustment which would in time involve lower standards of living, a reduced population, greater self-sufficiency and consequently of a much smaller volume of Canadian food products.

Two years ago there was an influential group in the United Kingdom prepared to face up to that and opposed to the acceptance of the American loan. That group looked to Britain finding the solution of its difficulties by bilateral trade or restricted trade within the sterling block. At Ottawa there was a good deal of satisfaction when that view did not prevail and Britain undertook the obligations involved in the U.S. and Canadian loans and in the statement of principles which formed the basis of current drafting of an International Trade Charter in progress at Geneva.

The Two Facts

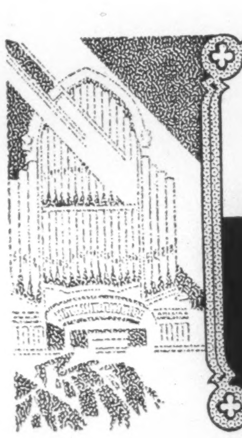
More than a year ago, the Minister of Finance, Rt. Hon. J. L. Ilsley put things this way: "There are two facts of supreme importance connected with the British international financial position. The first is that it has been greatly worsened as a result of the war. The second is that it is very much in the national interest of Canada and the other countries that have an important stake in world trade that the temporary financial difficulties of the United Kingdom should be overcome for, unless they are overcome, world trade will be restricted and will stagnate—or even worse, it will be carried on in a way which brings injury instead of benefit to the world as a whole."

The U.S. and Canadian loans were the means taken to aid Britain to overcome the "temporary financial difficulties". It is no secret that the British wanted a larger loan than the one they got from Washington and that Canadian experts at the time would have liked to see them get a larger one. Relatively to population and resources the Canadian loan was bigger than the American but its size was not important. The actual size of the U.S. loan was scaled to the tough problem of getting congressional approval and to an appreciation of the amount that would get Britain by under the most favorable conditions. Instead of favorable conditions the reverse prevailed. The U.S. loan has turned out to be wholely inadequate to meet the situation. Britain's obligations abroad, in respect to the occupation of Germany proved heavier than anticipated. Recovery of Europe has been slow in starting. Excessive cold last winter and floods this spring checked British production. The coal shortage slowed down recovery, checked the manufacture of goods for export on the increase in which Britain counted upon building up its earnings of foreign exchange to the point where its total trade could be balanced. There has been an over-all further worsening in the British position.

Meanwhile, owing to our domestic dollar shortage, Canada is approaching the end of its capacity to extend credits to Britain or anyone else. Credits mean more exports but more exports mean more imports of coal, oil, parts and consumer goods from the United States. For some time now the government has been refusing all requests from foreign countries for further advances under the Export Credits Insurance Act.

Canada's Prospect

High level economic planning over the past three years has been directed to preventing the economic dislocations occasioned by the war being translated into hard times for the ordinary individual. The high level plans have met with a grave set-back. The immediate consequences for the ordinary individual in Britain are going to be more work for less pay in terms of consumable goods. Depending on whether the Britisher performs the additional work and, to some degree, on whether Washington takes a bolder view than was taken at the time the present British loan was negotiated two years ago the ultimate consequences may be less employment, lower wages, lower prices for the ordinary individual in Canada.



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Chinese Grand Opera Is a Chummy Affair

By W. GORDON HARMON

Chinese grand opera is fun if you don't go to see the opera. For everyone does as he likes. All the time the opera is in progress, hawkers are selling their wares of ice cream and other sweets. Friends greet one another, even though they may be 20 feet apart. Babies howl throughout; there is continuous argument over the right to occupy certain seats.

Peiping.

GRAND opera in China is fun. Providing you don't go just to see the opera. Evening dress is far from essential, so the other night I changed from khaki shorts to khaki slacks and a bush shirt and took a lady, wearing a simple cotton frock, to Peiping's largest theatre.

The theatre was modern inasmuch as it had been built in the last 20 years in the style of European theatres, and footlights and limelights were copied from those in use in Europe. But there all resemblance ended. The seating was desperately hard and narrow in the beam, allowing little space for one's legs. The back of each seat provided a little table for the person behind and on this table he had his pot of tea or a plate of peanuts, or perhaps melon seeds.

Our entry to the theatre, though as unobtrusive as possible, drew most of the audience's attention. Many stood up in their seats to get a better view of "these foreigners who will come to our theatre though they probably don't understand the language or the opera." (The Chinese as a rule are convinced that no one else is capable of understanding or speaking their language).

Sweet Confusion

In time we managed to push our way past the attendants, theatregoers who had paid for their seats but not yet occupied them, soldiers who had forcibly entered the theatre and were on the lookout for empty seats to occupy, and a crowd of people who seemed lost in the theatre and were not very concerned about it, until we finally reached our reserved seats from which we had to evict two army officers.

As soon as we had settled in our seats we were brought tea and peanuts and that great boon to travellers in hot climes—the steaming hot towel. A wipe of face, neck and arms with one of these towels is more refreshing than anything else I know.

The towels were handed to us by an attendant—we were in what might be termed the "dress circle"—who had caught them as they were hauled skywards by his mate standing just in front of the stage. When we had used them our man gave a bellow that drowned anything the actors were saying, and hurled them down again to be caught by his mate with an equally loud yell of triumph at his own dexterity. They were then plunged into boiling water again, wrung out, and flung to some other part of the theatre.

All this time the opera was in progress, vendors of iced waters, sweets and ice cream were crying their wares, friends were greeting each other even though 20 seats apart, babies in arms were howling, soldiers were arguing with owners of seats of which they had taken possession, and people were laughing and joking among themselves, all in a happy and thoroughly comfortable manner.

The gorgeously dressed characters on the stage came and went after having said their parts. Attendants wandered about the stage re-arranging stage props, handing cups of tea to singers who were a little hoarse from falsetto singing, tossing cushions on the floor for actors to kneel upon or fall on when killed, or handing bloody heads to those who were about to be executed, and collecting the heads again as the person "executed" jumped up and, now dead, walked off the stage.

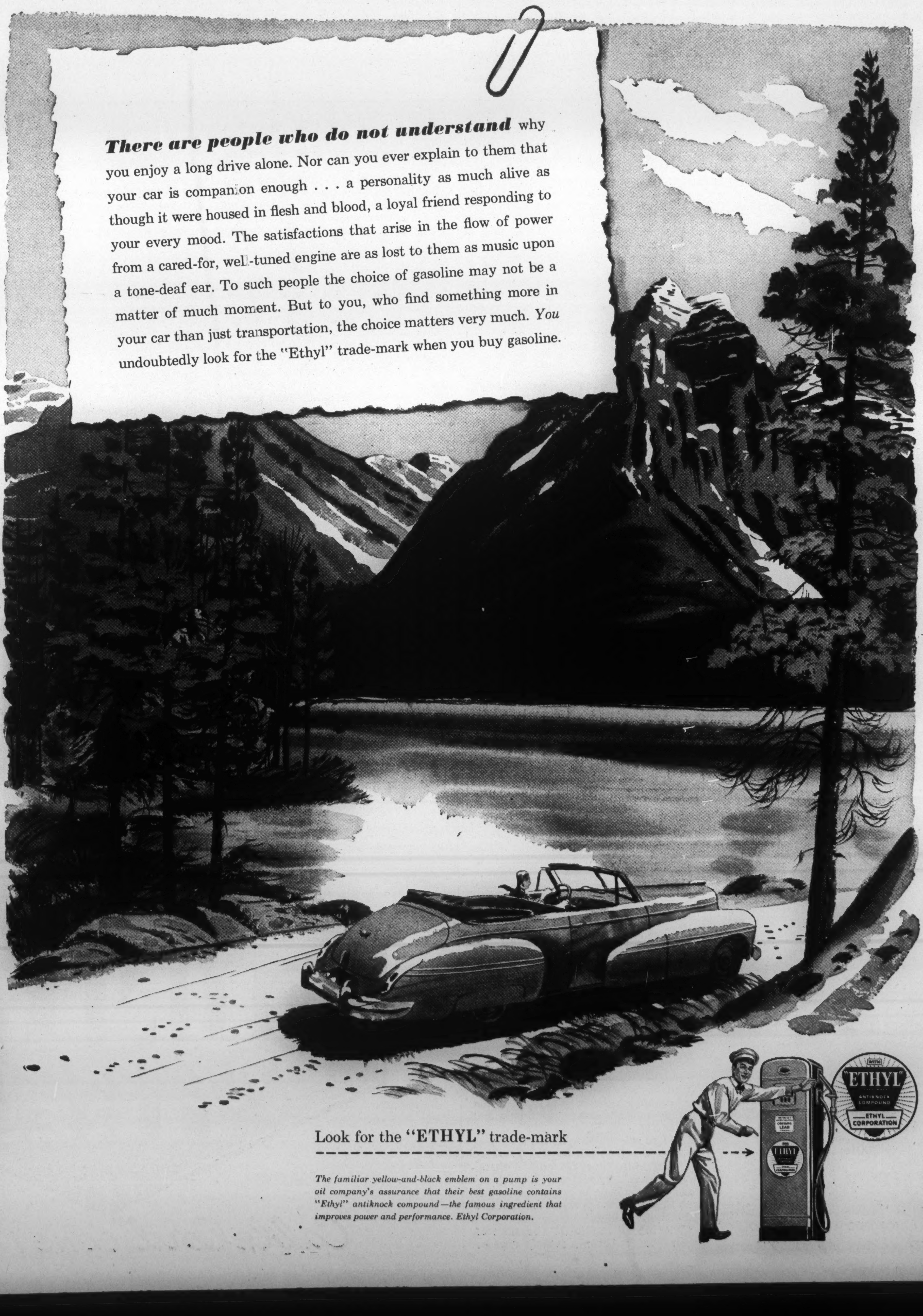
The orchestra, perched up on one corner of the stage, hammered away at its drums, gongs, bells, fish-heads, and scraped away at whining fiddles, all without a sheet of music, without a conductor, and apparently without the least interest in what was going on, on the stage.

The members spent most of the time watching the more interesting show off the stage, or chatting to the attendants' children who wandered on and across the stage from time to time.

The Chinese theatre is a very chummy place. Everyone does as he wishes. One can sit and greet one's friends and exchange gossip, compare progress in business, treat and be treated to exotic foreign drinks and food and ignore, or watch, the actors on the stage.

No one can hear what they are singing; but who cares? They are singing the words that are well-known to all Chinese theatre-goers, and all one comes for is the glare and the brilliant costumes on the stage, and the chance to meet friends and have a convivial evening out.

H.M. the Queen attended a garden-party held at St. James's Palace in aid of the British Empire Nurses War Memorial Fund founded in honor of nurses who died on active service during World War II. Fund is to maintain a chapel in Westminster Abbey and establish scholarships.



SPORTING LIFE

Mr. Lou Pfaltz and the Wrestling Championship of the World

By KIMBALL McILROY

MR. LOU PFALTZ, the well-known promoter of clean, honest wrestling, was astonished and deeply hurt. Never once in his twelve years of promoting clean, honest wrestling had such a thing happened to him.

One of his wrestlers, whose turn it was to appear in the main bout, was unable to go on.

Lou thought with dismay of the keen disappointment of the 7,645 sports-loving fans who were seated out in the Arena, and also of the $12,684.75 which these same fans had paid to get in, and which they would soon be loudly demanding to have returned to them if there was no main bout.

The wrestler, whose name was McGonigle, Lou had recruited from the stockyards, where he had been generally considered to be the physical, if not the mental, equal of most of his charges. He was to wrestle Emil Kolar, World's Heavyweight Champion in all states and provinces controlled by Lou Pfaltz, although of course he was not to win the championship.

Stopping for a snack in the Arena cafeteria before the bout, McGonigle had eaten so heartily that he had become violently ill in the dressing room.

Lou considered his conduct to be a disgrace to the name of clean, honest wrestling and also a definite liability from a box-office point of view, which was Lou's favorite point of view. Many believed it to be his only one.

Lou didn't know what to do. All his other wrestlers had already wrestled in the preliminaries. He himself was five feet two inches tall, and weighed 128 pounds, and very little of it muscle at that.

At this crucial moment an usher put his head in the dressing room to inform Lou that the fans were getting impatient because the main bout was taking longer to develop than a solution to the housing problem.

The usher was a big, strong boy whose arms stuck out well below the sleeves of his uniform. He wore an expression of mild bewilderment. His name was Wilbur Feeney.

Lou asked Wilbur if he knew anything about wrestling. Wilbur said No. Lou asked him if he'd like to earn one hundred dollars. Wilbur said Yes.

And so it was all arranged.

Now obviously no one named Wilbur Feeney could climb into a wrestling ring. The fans, who on their record will believe almost anything, would not swallow *that*.

So Lou told the announcer to say that Strangler Stacey, fresh from a series of triumphs in Europe and France, would wrestle Kolar. He also pointed out to Wilbur that he was not to go in there and really try to throw Kolar. Just in case.

ONCE the bout commenced, it became obvious that this precaution had been wholly unnecessary. Wilbur could not have thrown a pair of dice. Kolar could have put him on his back in ten seconds, one-handed. The Strangler looked like a man trying to find the light switch in a dark room. Lou was afraid that this fact would become apparent even to the fans, so he signalled Kolar to get it over with.

Kolar obediently threw the Strangler across the ring with a headlock. When Stacey got up, he threw him again. Then something went wrong. As the boy clung to him for support, an expression of deep anguish came over the champion's face. He clutched his stomach and moaned audibly.

Lou began to sweat.

Kolar moaned once more and then, before Lou's horrified eyes, sank slowly to the canvas, still clutching his stomach. The Strangler, bereft of support, collapsed atop him. The baffled referee looked helplessly around the ringside and then patted Stacey on the back.

Strangler Stacey, né Wilbur Feeney, was now the wrestling champion of the world in all states and provinces under the jurisdiction of Mr. Lou Pfaltz.

As soon as he recovered from his first shock, Lou determined to clear up this unexpected and appalling situation. He went to Kolar, who was sitting in his corner the color of an underripe melon, and told him that he was fired, that he was nothing but a big bum anyway for stuffing himself like a sausage, or like McGonigle. Then he went down to see Wilbur Feeney.

All he wanted Wilbur to do was sign a statement saying that it was all a mistake and that he would lose the championship again on the following week's card.

He hated to think what would happen to the fine old sport of clean, honest wrestling so long as it had such a person as Wilbur Feeney for World's Champion (in certain states and provinces).

Wilbur was sitting starry-eyed in the dressing room.

"Just think!" he said. "Me, Wilbur Feeney, the world's wrestling champion!"

Lou told him that he had been thinking just that, and outlined the matter of the statement. Wilbur said No. Lou asked why not. Wilbur said he liked being world's wrestling champion and was going to remain same.

So Lou decided that there was only one way of getting the championship away from him: to have someone take it. Almost anyone would do for this job. Wilbur Feeney was obviously incapable of wrestling his way out of a wheatfield.

He decided first to reinstate Emil Kolar, but Kolar wouldn't come. He was back driving a truck and said he liked it, because truck drivers could eat all they wanted. For good measure he added that Lou was a bum and a low-life.

So Lou selected Abe Stoltz. Abe was a good wrestler, and anyway Lou had promised him that he could be champion some time soon. Abe replied that he would be very pleased to lift the title from the precarious shoulders of Wilbur Feeney.

Within one minute of the start of their bout, it became evident that he was going to have little or no difficulty in accomplishing this. The Strangler wasn't even as good as he'd been before, which seems incredible. He began to puff like an exhausted seal. Too much of the hundred dollars had been passed across bars.

STOLTZ wrestled him over to the ropes near Lou and called down that he'd better throw him quick before the crowd caught on and began heaving moveables. Lou said to carry him a little longer or it'd look funny. Stoltz said that it couldn't look any funnier, but he tossed Wilbur to the canvas and then wiggled around so that Wilbur couldn't help taking a toe-hold on him. Then he pounded the mat in simulated anguish.

On his part, the Strangler first held the proffered foot as if it were burning him, but when he saw Stoltz pounding the mat he suddenly looked pleased and began twisting.

A startled expression came over Stoltz's face. This was not in the book. He squirmed. So did Lou.

It was all over very quickly. Stoltz' leg grew white. Agony contorted his features. Stacey clung to the foot, twisting. The referee bent down and Stoltz said something to him. The referee patted the Strangler on the back.

First Lou went to Stoltz and fired him. He said Abe was a bum and had quit just like a little girl. Abe asked how was he to know Stacey was really going to twist it? He should read minds as well as wrestle?

In the dressing room Wilbur was bragging about his toe-hold. Lou told him he couldn't put a toe-hold on a tired centipede. Wilbur said so what, he was still champion, wasn't he?

He was, and this burned Lou. He matched Wilbur with Zeke Geraldi for the following week. Geraldi was a good wrestler and quite capable of licking ten Wilbur Feeneys at one and the same time, but Lou wasn't taking any chances. He sent Geraldi into the ring so covered with grease that he couldn't have been kept down with ropes.

Wilbur was worse even than the last time. His complexion was a healthy grey and he puffed perceptibly from the climb into the ring. Geraldi threw him a couple of times for practice, then stood the wobbling champion up in the centre of the ring. He backed into the ropes, leaned against them, and then, catapulting forward, launched himself into the air in a flying tackle.

Simultaneously Wilbur Feeney's knees gave up the unequal struggle and precipitated him like a sack of flour on the mat.

Geraldi's hurtling body cleared the prone figure by inches, touched down briefly near the ropes on the opposite side, and then caromed slickly into the first row of ringside seats.

The referee waited a reasonable length of time and then stooped to raise one of the prostrate Stacey's arms in victory.

LOU walked right out of the Arena. He knew when he was licked. After twelve years of promoting clean, honest wrestling, he was through. So was wrestling, if he was any judge, with such a person as Wilbur Feeney for champion.

He stopped off at Charley's, across the street, for a drink. He needed one very badly. Or maybe even two.

He was there when Wilbur Feeney came in, strutting, and stood at the bar with both hands on it like John L. Sullivan in the movies. Wilbur loudly demanded a beer on the house.

The bartender, a small and inoffensive-looking man, shook his head. Wilbur pounded on the bar.

The bartender grew impatient and, when Wilbur became profane, he vaulted over the bar, picked Wilbur up, and flung him briskly to the floor, where he stayed.

Viewing this spectacle, it was as if a great load had been lifted from Lou Pfaltz's shoulders. Wilbur Feeney was no longer wrestling champion of the world, even in certain states and provinces. Lou would name some good man the champion tomorrow.

He went to the bartender and expressed his gratitude, explaining that Wilbur had been champion and that he, the bartender, had licked him convincingly before numerous sports writers who would duly report this fact. Lou was very grateful and would the bartender please sign a statement, etc?

The bartender listened carefully to what Lou had to say, and as he listened his eyes became starry.

"Just think!" he said. "Me, Homer Feetles, the world's wrestling champion!"

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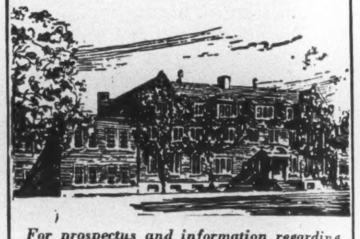

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WASHINGTON LETTER

Democrats and G.O.P. Make Ready Their National Organizations

By JAY MILLER

Washington.

PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S trip to Rio isn't likely to take his mind off a pressing question: Who is going to manage his 1948 election campaign? He may have ideas, but he isn't telling, just yet.

His loyal fellow-Missourian, Robert E. Hannegan, who failed to get him enough votes at last November's election to keep the party in power is now under doctor's care, trying to decide whether to give up one or both of his jobs. He is Postmaster-General and Chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

Gael Sullivan, youthful and energetic executive director of the national committee, who will call you by your first name at the drop of an introduction, is said to be out of the picture for the top job. Able and as friendly as a puppy, he got the job on the understanding that if he made good he would get the party chairmanship. He has had some tough luck and bad publicity and it is now reported that he will stay with the committee, only if Hannegan remains as chairman.

The Democratic committee will meet in Washington next month to select the 1948 Convention city, and mayhap, to select a chairman. That is why Mr. Truman will be thinking deeply about "back home" party affairs, while in South America drumming up hemispheric cooperation.

He is confronted with a major problem of building up a strong party organization. Republicans have the cash war chest now, and it is no secret that the Democrats could do with a lot more mazuma.

The Old-Time Touch

This challenging job of organization awaits the man who takes the helm of the party. There is need for someone with the Jim Farley old time touch. Old age has crept up on many party wheelhorses, county committeemen and precinct chairmen. In far too many communities for Democratic comfort, control of the politically strategic county courthouse, has swung over to Republican hands.

Gael Sullivan has been trying like a Trojan to revive the party organization. He has worked much with younger Democrats. He and his publicity chief, Jack Redding, U.S. army press aide at the Potsdam conference, are politically knowledgeable Chicagoans. Sullivan is a protégé of former Mayor Ed Kelly of Chicago.

He and Republican National Chairman Caroll Reece are now coming to grips on party issues in network radio debates. Sullivan accused the Republican - dominated Congress of having "sabotaged President Truman's program for the people of the United States." There is no doubt that the G.O.P. is trying to sabotage Harry Truman's program for Harry Truman as President.

Basic Democratic election strategy will be to try to get the people out to vote. Sullivan contends that it was indifference and apathy of the voters that gave the Republicans "their so-called mandate." He says the Republican Congress was elected in 1946 by only two ninths of those eligible to vote. Thus, almost two thirds of the 90 million eligible voters failed to go to the polls.

"The people can recapture their government," he counsels. "They can end the false mandate for reaction which the Republicans claim today. How? By seeing to it that the majority of voters go to the polls."

The G.O.P. Tactics

Carroll Reece has launched his between-session, radio barnstorming with the assumption that Mr. Truman will be his party's candidate in 1948.

He goes further and conjectures that "the Democratic National Convention may seek to strengthen and perpetuate its alliance with the P.A.C.-Moscow Axis by nominating Henry Wallace for second place on the ticket." He admits however, that the vice presidential nominee could also be a Democrat.

Mr. Reece has a somewhat different responsibility than that of Mr. Sullivan, who can concentrate his work around the record and program of one man, the president. Until the 1,000 delegates to the Republican national convention make their choice of presidential and vice presidential candidates next June in Philadelphia, he cannot build his election material around a personality.

Reece indicates that his party's platform will be based to a great extent on the policies and the record of the Republican Congress elected in November, 1946. He reiterates this paragraph phrased by Republican members of the preceding Congress as being a blueprint for the forthcoming Republican campaign:

"Today's major issue is between radicalism, regimentation, all-powerful bureaucracy, class exploitation, deficit spending and machine politics, as against our belief in American freedom for the individual under just laws fairly administered for all, preservation of local home rule, efficiency and pay-as-you-go economy in government, and the protection of the American way of life against either Fascist or Communistic trends."

He regards the anticipated renomination of Harry Truman as an attempt to seek "a fifth term for the New Deal."

Democrats frankly state they seek enactment of social legislation of the type usually tagged as "New Deal." They are equally frank in their appeal on class grounds, contending that the Republican Party is traditionally an advocate of the rich against the poor.

The 1948 election seems likely to be a two-party fight, although both Henry Wallace and New Deal elements in the Democratic Party have threatened to put in a Third Party to capture the balance of power.

In the Republican arena, Governor Dewey appears to have the preferred position for the nomination. This is underscored by an obvious effort of other aspirants to gang up on him, smoke him out. There is a "stop-Dewey drive" now under way.

It boils down to a game of finding out whether the American people have shifted over as far to the "right" as some Republicans have reasoned, or whether they are fundamentally still over to the "left" as in the recent Roosevelt era.

That is the basic issue in all the politicking that will be occupying the attention of the American electorate between now and November, 1948.

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Will Eva Peron's Role Mean New Argentina?

By JOHN SEYMOUR

One of the most prominent women today is Eva Peron. Wife of the President of Argentina, she recently made a goodwill tour throughout Europe. Senora Peron enjoys a position in Argentina which is second only to that of her husband. A tireless worker, she has carved her way to a position of political eminence in her own right.

Mr. Seymour is a Canadian who was a recent resident of Buenos Aires.

EVA PERON has a very complex personality. Most people have read a lot lately about Eva Peron . . . the woman of fashion, about her clothes, her furs and her jewels, her elaborate make-up and her even more elaborate coiffures. They have also learned that she is apparently not averse to hobnobbing with General Franco and his *falangistos*. Is she then just a tailor's dummy with Fascist leanings?

The Argentines don't think so. They have been watching her closely for over a year, ever since her handsome, energetic husband, Juan Domingo Peron—John Sunday, as the Anglo-Argentines call him—was inaugurated as President. And during that time they have seen her challenge the woman's-place-is-in-the-home customs of her country and carve a way to a position of political eminence in her own right, which is second only to that of her husband.

Her political career actually began some months before her husband's election to office. At that time he seemed to be just another Senior Army Officer with political aspirations. There have been plenty of them in Argentina's often troubled history. In those days, Colonel Peron, as he then was, lived in a modest flat in the Calle Posadas, and visitors noticed that his close circle of advisers included the striking-looking Eva Duarte as well as politicos on the make like Colonel Mercante and Senor Freire (now Governor of the Province of Buenos Aires and Secretary of Labor and Social Welfare respectively). It was obvious that Eva Duarte did not attend these long political conferences merely in an ornamental capacity. She generally had sound political advice to offer.

In particular, it was she who was chiefly responsible for persuading Peron to woo the industrial workers and to ride to office and power not just as the Army candidate but also as a sort of New Deal idol of the shirt-sleeved and the shirtless — the *descamisados*. That was the most astute move in the whole of Peron's political career.

After her husband's inauguration, the Senora de Peron abandoned her backstage role at once and proceeded to occupy a position in the very centre of the limelight. Not only did she appear at her husband's side on all possible state occasions, but distinguished economic and military emissaries from abroad were astounded to find that the President's wife was often there when they went to call on the head of the State to discuss important diplomatic business.

Then the Senora de Peron took to political log-rolling and began to pay unofficial visits to the Presidents of the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies to "discuss" the progress of legislation in which she was personally interested, in particular the Women's Suffrage Bill.

Overwhelming Debt

The next step was to open an office, where the President's wife could transact the daily round of political business. The first one was in the Main Post Office Building, but now, when the Senora de Peron is in Buenos Aires, she occupies a suite in the Ministry of Labor and Social Welfare. The location is appropriate, because the Senora has never forgotten—nor allowed her husband to forget — the debt he owes to the *Peronista* trade unions. She has publicly declared that she considers it her special job to keep her husband posted on the day-to-day problems of the workers and particularly on those matters which affect the welfare of their wives and children.

So all day and every day a constant stream of delegates from trades unions and factories pour into the offices of the woman they call—in spite of all the mink coats—*La Primera Descamisada de la Nacion*, or more simply just plain Evita. Government newspapers have taken to listing these visits daily, like a sort of Court Circular, and on some days there will be as many as 20 delegations.

Not content with this, the Senora de Peron herself goes out and visits factories several times a week. Often she is accompanied by her astute private secretary, Senorita Ernst, and sometimes by the wives of her husband's cabinet ministers, who make up her unofficial court.

When she does visit a factory, her technique is a little unusual, particularly when the factory is foreign-owned. Not for her the red carpet, the front entrance and the managerial suite of offices. She generally prefers to go in by the employees' entrance and form her own impressions of working conditions before the manager even knows she is in the building.

Constantly Moving

The President's wife neglects none of the approved modern methods of winning political friends and influence. She is constantly on the move in Argentina itself, visiting provincial centres by plane, train and river-steamer. In the back-country towns she harangues monster political rallies and distributes thousands of parcels of food and clothing, which are always carefully labelled "From Peron and Evita."

Recently she has become a newspaper proprietress. The paper is called *Democracia*, which may or may not be significant, and her editorial henchmen see to it that at least one page in every issue is devoted to the sayings and doings of the President and his wife. Rival newspaper owners, many of whom are Government supporters, note rather wryly that, in a land where newsprint is at a premium, *Democracia* seems to have a plentiful supply of the finest and glossiest paper.

The Senora de Peron also made a practice a few months ago of making weekly broadcasts on political subjects. But these were not a great success as her voice is rather metallic and her accents rather plebeian.

It goes without saying that Eva Peron has made many enemies by her unorthodox behavior. The stately matrons of Buenos Aires society, whose menfolk ran the Argentine for 150 years in the pre-Peron era, ignore her completely. After her husband's inauguration, these society leaders refused to elect the Senora de Peron as Honorary President of Argentina's most select charitable organization, the Sociedad de Beneficencia, on the pretext that she was "too young." The answer was not long in coming. The whole charity was taken over by the state and its socially prominent directors were retired.

The feud between society and the regime, as personified by the President and his wife, is a bitter one. Last year when the Perons visited the annual show of the Sociedad Rural—the Argentine equivalent of the Toronto Winter Fair—they were hissed, a thing which had never happened to them elsewhere. To avoid a repetition of this sort of thing, neither the President nor his wife ever attend the race meetings of the socially-exclusive Jockey Club.

Eva Peron has had to face enemies even in her husband's entou-

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MERCHANTS THROUGHOUT CANADA WILL HAVE STOCKS DURING AUGUST

rage. Many of the more old-fashioned *Peronistas* and Service Officers found her political activities unladylike and "un-Argentine." It was freely rumored that the powerful General Velazco, until recently Chief of Police of the Federal Capital, was her bitterest opponent. If so, Eva Peron has won yet another battle, because the other day the General abruptly resigned.

This tireless and successful woman politician happens to be the wife of the most audacious and interesting of the Latin American heads of state. Their friends say that together they will build a new and great Argentina. Their enemies say that Eva Duarte will yet bring about the downfall of Juan Peron. Only time can tell.

• •

Europe May Soon Be Second Atlantis

By DAVID ENGLAND

An expedition to solve the mystery of the world's drowned continents has just left Gothenburg. Headed by the eminent scientist, Hans Peterson, the expedition plans to go around the world in 15 months. That such lost lands once existed is certain and the scientists also declare that Europe is destined to suffer the same fate.

Stockholm.

A SWEDISH expedition, under one of the most eminent of Scandinavian scientists, Professor Hans Peterson, recently started from Gothenburg on a voyage which will take the motor-schooner "Albatross" round the world in 15 months. Among other researches, the scientists will seek for evidences of the risings and fallings of the ocean floor, and aim at solving the most fascinating problem of the seven seas—the mystery of the world's drowned continents.

Not Stable

Such lost lands once existed, it is certain, where the oceans now roll miles deep. For the continents are by no means as stable as their immensity would suggest. Quite apart from one theory that they are on "the float," or moving over rocks beneath in the interior of the earth—the so-called migration of the continents—none of the continents is stationary. And scientists declare that Europe is destined to suffer the same fate as the vanished continents, and millions of years hence the intelligent beings on this globe will dredge up not vestiges of animal and vegetable life, but bits of shells, bombs, vestiges of our so-called "civilization."

The first hunting ground of the "Albatross" is the Caribbean Sea, where conditions were once very different from what they are now. Just nine years back the discovery of a "lost continent" in northern Mexico, buried 100,000,000 years ago beneath the sediments of an ancient sea, was reported to the Geological Society of America. The report of the geologists revealed that the continent had the shape of a bear's claw, and projected eastwards for about 250 miles from the southern border of Texas into an ocean which once lay in what is now central Mexico.

One Theory

From there the "Albatross" will sail into the Pacific, where there are many absorbing problems to solve relating to lost lands. Closely associated with the mystery is that of Easter Island, with its puzzling monuments. One theory is that Easter Island was once the highest point of land for hundreds of miles around, and now crowns a drowned continent.

There is a possibility that South America was joined with New Zealand, and this with Australia. Then Easter Island would share with other islands of the Pacific the bridge that linked America and the Antipodes. As the highest land over a great radius it might become a place of pilgrimage and its volcano an object of worship.

There is a belief that another lonely island, Tristan da Cunha, is part of an enormous continent which once connected South America, Africa, and Australasia, and the "Albatross" hopes to clear up some of the mystery which surrounds this.

A glance at the map shows, for instance, a long chain of islands stretching from Malay and Australia. Geologists believe that these—Sumatra, Java, Borneo, New Guinea among them — are the remains of a great neck of land which at one time united Asia with the southern continent.

There is, of course, a theory that at one time a lost continent joined India with Africa. It was before man appeared on earth, and the land was inhabited by giant reptiles, lemurs, huge tortoises and similar creatures. This vanished world was a luxuriant jungle. It rose, or was stationary, for some 20 million years, then began to sink, and finally vanished.

The "Albatross" will then sail on through the Mediterranean and so into the Atlantic, where she will be faced by the most alluring of all lost land mysteries, that of fabled Atlantis.

Finally, nearest home of all, the "Albatross" will come across another baffling problem. Sixty million years ago a lost continent — it is thought — stretched from Northern Ireland and western Scotland almost to the North Pole. Geologists have called it the Thulean continent, and clues to this lost land have been found in fossil remains at various points, including the Hebrides.

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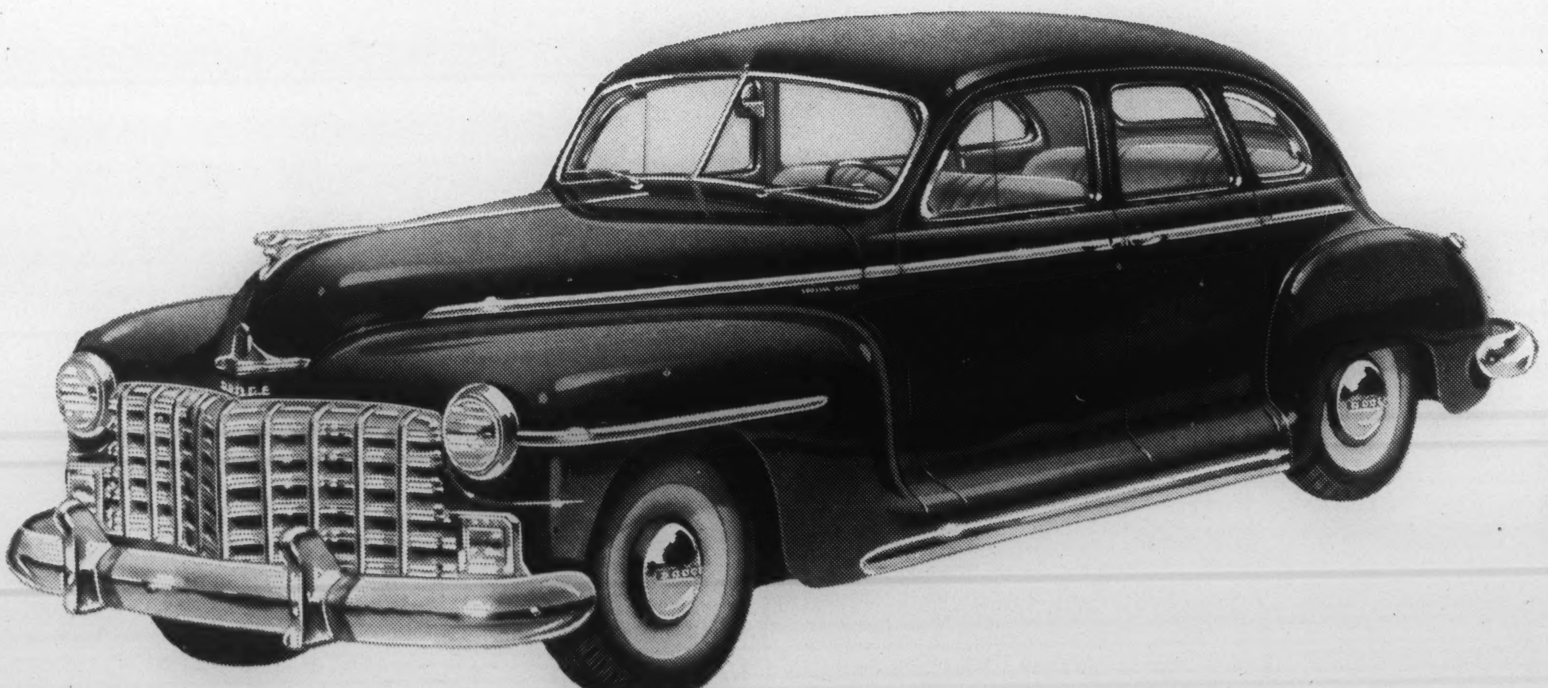

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MANHATTAN MEDLEY

Famous Showman's 1-Man Show Heads for "Runyon Money"

By NAT BENSON

New York.

MERELY thinking about "How Billy Rose" makes you think in terms of fast-jittering tabloid heads. Because the Mighty Mite, former champ of Tin Pan Alley and Show Business, but now a howling success as a "colyumnist," is that kind of fellow. He's as modern as tomorrow, as fresh in his unbridled zest and gusto as a lambkin full of Martinis. We spent part of an afternoon with him recently and came away convinced that he is tolerably terrific.

Every so often some writer or other makes considerable stir in Manhattan. A few years ago it was Kathleen, the Beautiful, Winsor (she couldn't have *lived* all that book!); then it was vivacious Betty (Egg and I) Macdonald not too unlike Winnipeg's Kay Strange, and now Manhattan's latest sensation, as a writer this time, is Billy Rose. The owner of the fabulous and fabled Ziegfeld Theatre, the husband of beauteous Eleanor Holm, the writer of a dozen raucous song-hits of two decades ago, the man who put all those diamonds in the "Diamond Horseshoe" has been famous for a long time for a lot of things.

In his early days Billy Rose was termed by John R. Gregg, the inventor of the Gregg Shorthand System, "the finest natural shorthand writer I ever encountered." Billy's first fame came as his high school's fastest stenographer and shorthand writer, and eventually he became national champion taking 200 words a minute. Later his skill as organizer of the corps of fastest stenographers with the War Industries Board of World War I attracted the attention of that stately Solon of American statesmen, Bernard ("Barney") Baruch, advisor-in-chief to Presidents Wilson and F.D.R.

From shorthanding to mingling with tycoons and world statesmen as Baruch's secretary, Billy, the Atomic Atom, went into Tin Pan Alley, primarily to make what his pal the late Damon Runyon sympathetically called "a few potatoes." Billy mingled easily in the world of song-pluggers, night club folks, name band leaders. In five or six years he beat out the words of some 400 tunes, 50 of which became smash hits. At 25 he was in the 100 G's bracket writing revues, and with his natural gift for organizing things, he helped found the Song Writers' Association to deal with A.S.C.A.P.

A Whale of a Time

One searching look at Billy's incredibly successful Diamond Horseshoe nightclub shows you that the whole set-up is just about as sophisticated as the hundreds of good-natured outatown folks from Koekuk, Grand Rapids, Kankakee or Kingston who are having themselves a whale of a time, a real old Cohasset clambake at reasonable prices, with Billy Rose words-and-music, where both the décor and the brasses' accompaniment are double fortissimo. The Horseshoe is, we repeat, just about as upstage as Coney Island and just as popular.

Of late, Billy has been giving his patrons a little extra by going in for "Beauty - by - the - yard" featuring framed glamorous poses of his "long-stemmed American Beauties" who have the graceful stork-like propensities of the late great Flo Ziegfeld's tall and willowy glorified immortelles, who were wont to parade about fetchingly draped in a million dollars worth of aigrettes, velvets, brocades, Kubla Khan turbans, spangles, sequins and bejewelled umbilici.

He scored tellingly with the negro "Carmen Jones" and then put every conceivable ingredient of sure-fire success (including Bea Lillie and Ben Hecht) into his super-colossal "Seven Lively Arts" of a few years ago. That fabulous production's temporal victory is still a source of wonderment among the wise boys of Manhattan. Like the Yankees of 1927-8-9, "The Seven Lively Arts" had everything. It should have been another "Oklahoma," but it lacked, we suppose, something of the basic spontaneity and freshness of the Rodgers - Hammerstein opus. That was, as we recall it, Billy Rose's only large error. But its hollow resonance had barely died away, when the indomitable Barnum of Sixth Avenue was looking for other areas in which to excel. Naturally, with that incisive and creative intelligence, he found them.

After we'd enjoyed a friendly chat with his seasoned p.a. and publicity director, Charlie Washburn (who last came to Toronto ahead of George Cohan's last great success, O'Neill's "Ah, Wilderness!"), we went down one flight in a shining bronze elevator to meet the Mighty Mite of Show Business, the Ameer of Aquacadia himself. We must admit that we experienced that odd lift one always gets in crossing the enchanted bridge into Celebritania. (May Heaven forgive us if we sound or grate like Louella Oh! Parsons—we don't mean to.)

One of the Least Dull

As a Major Celebrity there's nothing at all disillusioning about the ubiquitous Billy Rose. He is one of the least dull people in the world—to meet, talk to, or listen to. His stature wasn't apparent, because he was sitting, not exactly comfortably, but in a state of furious concentration at a smart kidney-shaped desk in his luxuriously furnished office-study, poring over some well-typewritten copies of future columns of "Pitching Horseshoes."

Rose is an odd man in the fact that he seems to be one of the few people in the world who can radiate intensity and drive while sitting perfectly still. He was wearing an unusual kind of short navy silk lounging coat. It set off the clear Mazda tan, the lucent pallor of his sharply intelligent features and the restless penetrating keenness of his dark eyes. He is decidedly handsome in a thoroughly natural un-Hollywoodsy way.

Man-to-Rose Interview

He's downright and high-powered. When he heard we wanted to talk to him chiefly about his writing and his nationally popular news-column "Pitching Horseshoes", the sluice-gates of a very voluble and very much on-the-beam eloquence were opened. He narrated. We took notes, and we doubted that, even in his hey-day as a shorthand expert, Billy could ever have kept up with himself in a man-to-Rose interview.

"I like writing first of all. I've been some kind of writer all my life. Shorthand, verses, songs, librettos, books for shows, revues special show material. But frankly I never aimed at or thought of writing a full column of my own. And least of all did I ever think of getting up into the Runyon money, the Winchell kind of dough with it...

"It all started by my wanting to talk naturally and friendly to people

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about my shows at the Diamond Horseshoe. Sure, it's a successful operation, but even so, it pays to keep telling people you're happy to have 'em drop in. My ads weren't right. I was dissatisfied with them. I wanted some heart, some personal impact in the copy. So finally I started writing them myself, as paid ads of course—50 words, 100 words, 150. The paper *P.M.* told me people liked reading my ads as they did any news feature. But I still bought space, until one day *P.M.* offered it to me free, and moved my stuff up on page two. Even added a line about it in a box on the outside cover! 'Pitching Horseshoes' became a real full-size column—800 words 5 times a week!

"And migawd is that ever WORK? It's a job that never ends. Takes me 4 to 6 hours a day to do each column. But the swellest thing of all is that people all over, the little people I'm writing for, seem to go for the column and write me to say how much they like it and look forward to it every day...

52 G's and a Bang

"The Toronto *Globe and Mail* and a Fort Worth, Texas paper were among the first to pick it up. We sampled 200 other papers. Thirty took it, and thirty more picked it up after a phone campaign. They all liked it. But the jack-pot came up when John Wheeler of the Bell Syndicate offered me a guarantee of 52 G's a year! Maybe that doesn't jingle too much in show business—but it's real Runyon money for a writer. And s'help me, I *love* writing! I get an awful bang out of it! A hundred and twenty papers carry 'Pitching Horseshoes' now, seventeen of them in Canada. It's carried by the Mexico City *Herald*, by my good friend Lord Beaverbrook's three-million-circulation London *Evening Standard*, by the Johannesburg *Times* in South Africa. Pretty soon an Australian chain will be added, and maybe 3000 American weeklies from the Western Newspaper Union...

"I've met a heap of mighty colorful people in my chequered life in show business and out of it—and they've all remained good friends of mine. I like writing about them—Al Jolson, 'Schnozz' Durante, Maurice Chevalier, Ben Hecht, my old boss Mr. Baruch, one of the noblest men America or any other country ever produced. I've travelled in postwar Germany, Austria, France—I've seen the concentration camps. I'll never forget the horror of them...

"No, I'm not doing anything new in show business now. Nothing but the regular routine job I do on the revues and shows for the Horseshoe. I've got no time at all for doing new shows now. I'm a writer—and this column is the new sweetie—it's the freckle-faced kid around the house now..."

And that's the way Billy Rose talks—fast, easily, graphically, with a curious personal warmth and incandescence of lingo that is all his own:

"How do I write? I try to remember I'm writing for little people, ordinary people—the clerk in Moose Jaw, the little haberdasher in East London, the American oil op. in Mexico, the farmer boy in Jo'burg. I cut all fancy-pants writing out of my stuff. I try to make it *sing*—but I get rid of all flossy stuff like alliteration or deliberate 'fine writing'. And remember, I'm never trying to use the cheaper Broadway idiom either—but the real language of real people when they think and write. Simon & Schuster are going to bring out a full-sized book of my stuff in the fall. 125 columns—including the ones I like best, the fishing expedition with Durante, the one about the bat getting into the house, the one about the Average Little Doctor which pulled a ton of mail...

After "Horseshoes", Corduroys

"Yes, I think I'll write the column until I'm 55. Eight years from now. Then I'll put on the corduroys and go for a long walk in the country. Show business has been good to me—but I don't plan to stay in it all my life. It's a barrel of fun, but I'm going to get out in the open while I'm still able to enjoy it. Show business is a make-believe world. Maybe I know it too well. I've done so many shows. Tinsel, spangles, lights—I know just what a lavender 'spot' will do for romance. But writing is *different*. It is built on real life, on the stuff of reality. The dough I'm making out of writing would have seemed like the whole world to me once—but it's only 'tax money' now. I'm not writing now for money—even if I *am* glad I sold *Collier's* five short stories the other week. I'm writing for the same reason that every writer worth his salt writes—because *I love doing it!*"

"By the way," said Billy in friendly conclusion, "I still write all the revues for the Horseshoe. Some of the girls, too, are pretty special—I'm going in for the long-stemmed ones now. Siri, a Swedish beauty, is my centre-piece—she's seven feet tall. And you should see Raven Malone, Sis Blanchard, Wanda Ridgeway, Roseanne Perry, Penny Davidson and the Turner Twins.. you really ought to see them..."

We took his advice—we saw them—you'll see their pictures almost anywhere—Billy can *pick 'em* like Ziegfeld—especially Sis Blanchard of the flawless and luminous features. After looking them all over, we honestly wonder how Billy keeps his mind on his column and his work. If he does, he's a sixty-three inch Superman—no foolin'!

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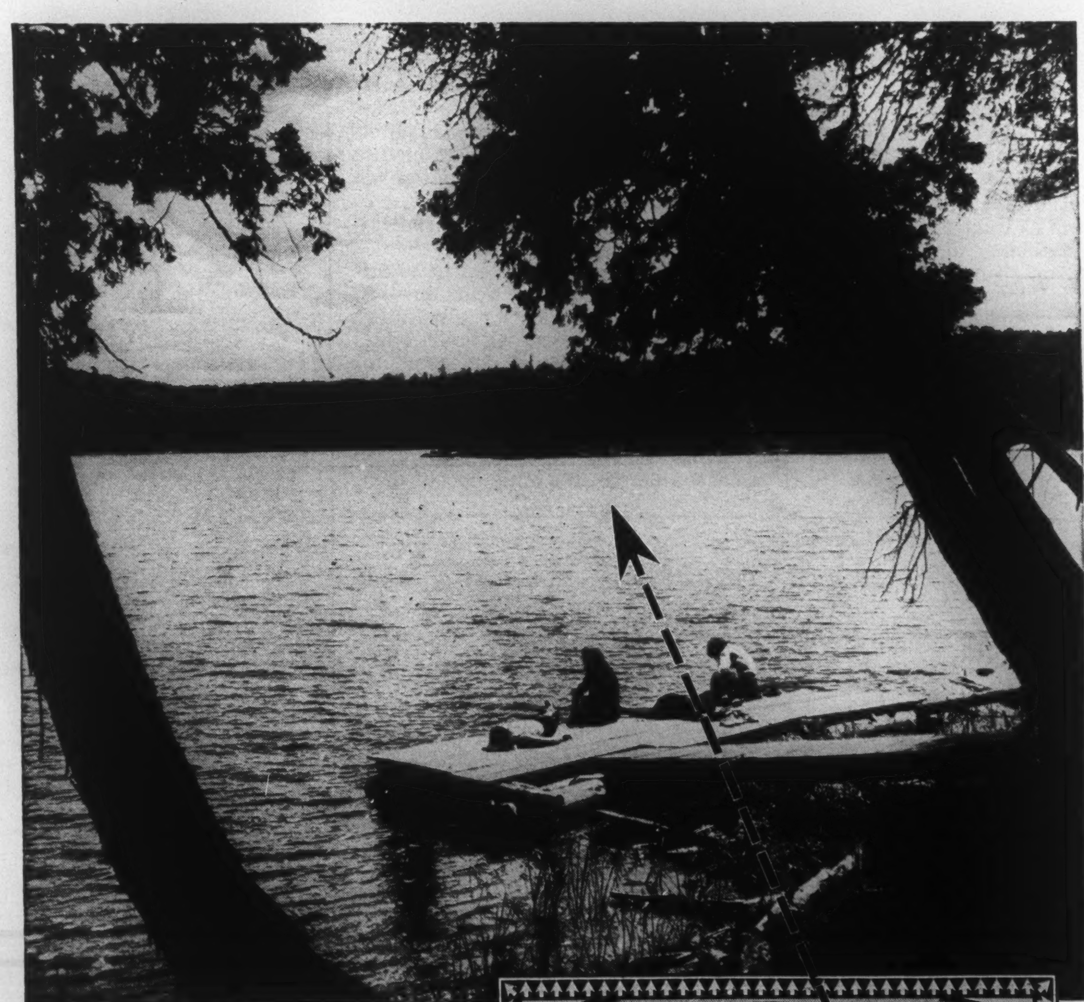

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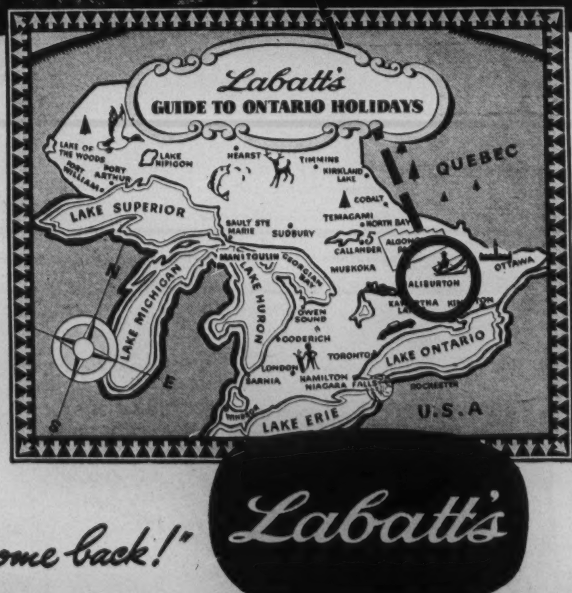

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FROM THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

Section 98 Was Surely a Bad Law but We Might Draw a Better One

By B. K. SANDWELL

THE famous Section 98 of the Criminal Code, which was enacted in great haste shortly after the end of the First World War, and was repealed several times without success by the Liberal majority in the House of Commons after the elections of 1921, was retained on the statute book until 1936 by the veto of the Senate. In that year the Senate consented to the repeal and the Section ceased to be law.

It was a bad piece of law in many respects, and it was persistently criticized in those respects by SATURDAY NIGHT throughout most of the period when it was in force. The difficulty with it was that it made crimes of an enormous number of actions which could quite possibly be performed in ignorance or with no evil intent, and even with no possibility of any evil result.

Its main clause was aimed at organizations, and declared that any organization or association having among its purposes "to bring about any governmental, industrial or economic change within Canada by the use of force, violence or physical injury to person or property, or by threats of such injury" should be an unlawful association.

Serious Consequences

Once the association was proved to be unlawful a large number of consequences followed; and some very serious consequences could follow on mere suspicion. Thus any property belonging or suspected to belong to, or held or suspected to be held for, such an association could be seized by the R.C.M.P. Any person acting or professing to act as an officer of such association, or displaying "about his person or elsewhere" any device whatsoever intended to suggest that he was associated with such an association, was liable to imprisonment for not more than twenty years. Attendance at meetings or distribution of literature was to be taken as proof of membership "in the absence of proof to the contrary". (Proof of a negative is a notoriously difficult thing to establish.) There were no limitations as to date in these paragraphs, and it was perfectly possible for a man to be sentenced to twenty years for wearing a badge indicating membership in an association although at the time of wearing (1) the wearer did not know that it was the badge of the association, (2) the association had not been proved unlawful, and (3) the wearer did not know that it advocated the use of force to effect change.

The consequences went even further than this. The clause relating to the use of buildings by unlawful associations extended to meetings of "any subsidiary association or branch or committee thereof" without attempting to define the relationship thus expressed, and imposed a fine up to $5,000 or imprisonment up to five years or both on any owner, lessee, agent or superintendent who "knowingly permits" such a meeting.

The paragraph on publication and distribution of printed material defending the use of force to effect change was all-inclusive. All you had to do was sell a copy of the Communist Manifesto, or even offer it for distribution, whatever that means, and you were liable to imprisonment for twenty years. If you mailed the same document in any mail receptacle in Canada, and if you imported it into Canada from any other country, you were liable to the same penalty. It was no defence to argue that the late Mr. Marx was not specifically advocating the use of force *in Canada*, because in the matter of published literature the crime was not restricted to advocating the use of force in Canada but extended to advocating the use of force *anywhere* to effect governmental, industrial or economic change. Had the law been in effect in 1939 it could certainly have been invoked against all publications advocating the use of force by Canadian and other troops to effect governmental change in Germany or Italy.

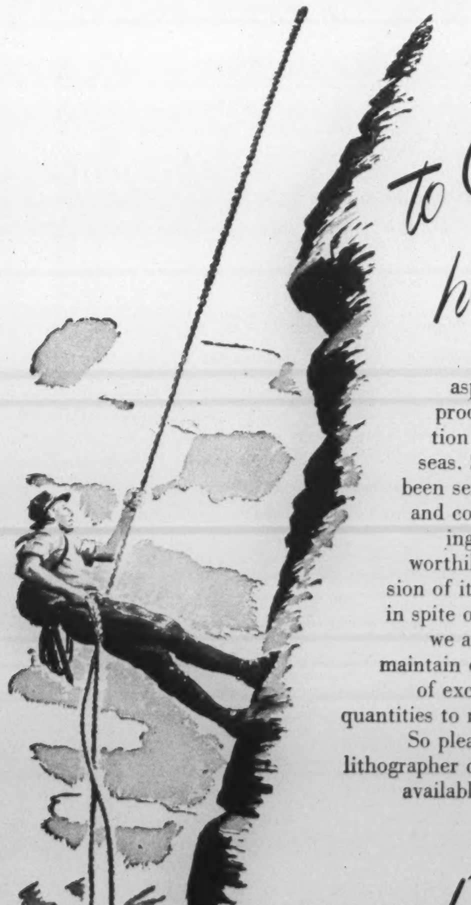
Take it by and large it was a fairly silly piece of legislation; but the fact remains that there is need for some reasonable statutory method of dealing with a situation produced by the existence in Canada of a political party, the central core and leadership of which consists of a body of men and women who do most unquestionably advocate the use of force and violence to accomplish a change in the whole constitutional structure of the government of Canada — the men and women who belong to the Communist party as organized, trained and disciplined by Moscow.

Wrong Idea

The idea that any party which exists to advance the objects of International Communism or has any intention of being a legal party, in the sense of abiding by the laws of the country in which it operates, can only be entertained by those who ignore completely both the basic principles of Communism and the frank utterances of all its great leaders. Lenin in 1915 frankly abandoned the Engels doctrine that illegal methods should be adopted only after the bourgeoisie had itself begun to use them. "The Social-Democratic parties," he wrote, using the term then employed by the Communists, "while in no case and under no conditions refusing to take advantage of the slightest legal possibility for the organization of the masses and the preaching of Socialism, must do away with a servile attitude towards legalism.... It is impossible to lead the masses towards revolution without creating an illegal organization for preaching, discussing, analyzing, preparing revolutionary means of struggle.... To think that membership in a Social-Democratic party is compatible with repudiation of illegal methods of propaganda and the ridicule of them in the legal press is to betray Socialism". This attitude was soft-pedalled after 1941 on account of the Soviet Government's need for support from the democratic nations, and the winding up of the Comintern was an effort to lend plausibility to the theory that illegal propaganda had been abandoned. The Comintern was merely a form of organization for the carrying on of the activities of Communists in non-Communist countries. Its abandonment in no way handicapped those activities, and there is no indication that they have been abandoned or even curtailed.

The problem in legislating for the more efficient suppression of these activities in Canada is admittedly a very difficult one. It has been found so in the United States and in every other democratic country. It is important that the law should not be so drafted as to interfere with any honest effort to effect "governmental, industrial or economic change" unless there is clear and specific advocacy of the use of illegal means to effect such change. But the Communist party, in the sense not of the entire number of electors who can be induced to vote for Communist candidates in public or trade union elections, but in the sense of the relatively small fraction of that number who hold party cards and control the discipline of the larger body, is unquestionably an advocate of change by illegal methods; and since the general law of conspiracy is not evidently sufficient to deal with it, it does seem as if some more carefully designed and safe-guarded enactment in place of Section 98 might well be considered.

Work on the new cathedral at Guildford, England, which had been held up for some time owing to material shortages, is now proceeding. Special feature of the building will be a chapel commemorating the gratitude of people of Surrey for the help of Canadian forces in two world wars.



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His brilliant work was brought to a tragic close in 1934 when he was stricken with heart disease while seated at his desk. He did not live to receive the Daniel Giraud Elliot medal which was awarded him for his outstanding work in his chosen field.

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U.K. Press Once Again Faced with Choice of Size or Circulation

By P. O'D.

London.

ONCE again newspapers are faced with the wartime choice between size and circulation. It is a hard choice, but one that is not to be evaded. The Government, looking around for some way of saving dollars, has decided to cut the importation of newsprint. Previously the newspapers were receiving only a third of their pre-war consumption of paper. They will now receive a quarter. They are free to print fewer papers or smaller papers.

It is estimated that by this new austerity cut the Government will save about £2,000,000 a year of its overseas payments—chiefly to Canada and Newfoundland. Even in these days of astronomical financial figures this is still a considerable amount of money, but not when compared with an estimated annual deficit in such payments of about £700,000,000. And it apparently is the only serious cut which the Government is making.

Even among users of paper the Government seems to make a point of discriminating against the Press. Ordinary commercial printers are being allowed 66 per cent of their pre-war consumption. Book publishers are getting 85 per cent, and no sensible person would wish to see it any less. But the building trades are receiving 140 per cent, and the various Government Departments top the scale with 177 per cent. Not much equality of sacrifice about all this!

Nice-minded people are naturally loath to impute unworthy motives to those with whom they do not agree, but it is hard to avoid the unkind suspicion that the Government is taking it out of the Press because it dislikes and distrusts the Press as at present organized and controlled in this country. The Government resents criticism. Most governments do, but this one is more than usually touchy about it. Besides, it regards the Press as in the main a form of Big Business, and therefore inherently hostile.

Certainly the newspapers have not been at all mealy-mouthed in what they have had to say about a good many aspects of government policy. Nor are the cuts in newsprint making them any more friendly, but there is that much less paper for them to be disagreeable on. So what more natural . . . ? This may be merely the suspicion of a not very nice-minded person, but a good many critics seem to share it.

Honesty Is . . .

Hansard is supposed to be a word-for-word record of what is said in Parliament, and in the main it is. That is its value. Any editor with a large blue pencil and a strong wrist could improve Hansard enormously as a piece of reading matter, and in so doing would destroy its real importance. With Hansard it must be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—however boring it may be.

At the same time, Hansard is subject to emendation—by the Members reported in it. The M.P. who in a flurry of debate says "I done it" or "to who" or gets all tangled up with his "whiches" should be allowed to make these little corrections. It seems unfair that he should have to go down to remote posterity as a poor vulgarian who doesn't even talk the King's English. And if, while revising the proof, he should touch up and improve the style here and there—well, what harm is done?

But in all this there is one important rule which is binding equally on all, from Front Bench to Back—the sense of the passage must not be changed. The man who says one thing in the House must not go on record in Hansard as having said another. And fortunately there are lots of alert watch-dogs, not only on the floor of the House but in the Press Gallery, to see that the Member who has, perhaps inadvertently, committed himself, should stay committed. He may change his mind but not the record. This is why so much attention is being devoted to the case of Mr. Isaacs.

Mr. Isaacs, the Minister of Labor, speaking in the House of Commons on the subject of production, said that the Government was asking the various industries to "examine methods of payment by results, and to adopt them where possible." So at least he was reported in all the newspapers. In the Hansard report, however, the phrase (the extremely important phrase) "of payment by results" was left out—incidentally taking all real meaning out of the sentence.

It seems pretty clear that Mr. Isaacs, or somebody else, became a little frightened by that reference to "results," knowing how bitterly a large section of organized labor is opposed to any such form of payment, and so—well, the indiscreet little phrase got somehow overlooked. But not by the watch-dogs mentioned above, who are now barking the place down. Poor Mr. Isaacs is having a very uncomfortable time.

It's An Ill Wind

When a poor shabby man—we are all poor and shabby nowadays — is worried about the state of his wardrobe, he can buy himself a new hat. No coupons! Just walk in and pick out the one he likes and put it on and walk out in it. The reason is that, with the spread of the hatless habit among men, the hatters might as well go out of business, if they had to ask for coupons.

Another thing a man can now buy is a pair of gloves. For a long time almost the only sort he could get were the thick heavy gloves workmen use —with "Industrial" stamped across the back of them. Good gloves in their way, but a little odd with a black coat and striped trousers. Now men can get gloves again — any amount of gloves, it seems. They had been marked for export, but foreigners are refusing to buy them, and two-thirds of the stocks are being released.

Unfortunately, a man can hardly consider himself well-dressed with nothing but a new hat and a new pair of gloves. There are other areas of the masculine landscape to be covered, and nothing much to do it with—nothing new, at any rate. But now comes the austere but relenting Sir Stafford Cripps to say that more cloth is to be made for men's clothes — at the expense of women's wear, and only for coupons, of course! Bachelors may benefit, but married men will go on being as shabby as ever, poor devils.

Just 50 Years Ago

Most people are apt to think of "The Tate" as being quite old, so familiar and well-established is it as one of the leading institutions of art in London. Actually it is just now celebrating its 50th birthday—which is not even middle-aged for an art gallery. After a rather unpropitious start, the child has grown in a quite amazing way. Its collection of British paintings now numbers over 3,000, being especially rich in contemporary art and also in the works of Turner, Blake, Stevens, and the Pre-Raphaelites. Its collection of the French Impressionists and Post-Impressionists is the largest and finest in the Empire.

Now that The Tate has become a great national gallery, it is hard to understand the bitter controversy that the original proposal for its establishment aroused. All that Sir Henry Tate proposed was that a gallery of British art should be established in some central position, and he offered to spend £80,000 on building it, if the Government would give him a site for the purpose. He also offered to contribute to it as the nucleus of the collection some 60 paintings from his own collection.

This may seem like a generous and public-spirited offer, as indeed it was, but the critics of the day treated him as though he were trying to bilk the nation into housing the trash he had bought—"sad examples of the worst R.A.'s", said one critic. When the Government refused the request for a site, the same critic rejoiced that "now the 60 pictures go begging, and can find no roof to hide their shame under".

Being a public benefactor can sometimes be almost as arduous and painful a career as that of a public enemy. Fortunately, Tate was a very patient and determined man, and finally had his way. The site at Millbank—originally that of a model prison—was given, the gallery was built, and was formally opened by Edward VII, then Prince of Wales. The rest is a story of steady development, due chiefly to the generous gifts of such private patrons as Lord Duveen and Mr. Samuel Courtauld, and also to the excellent judgment of a series of able and devoted directors. The Tate is now one of the world's great art galleries, and everyone rejoices in its jubilee.

• •

WORD OF WARNING

O LITTLE dogs, wag-tailed and merry,
When crossing streets, be careful . . very!

For we lost Sara, and Tippy, too
When hurrying drivers went barging through.

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MONA GOULD

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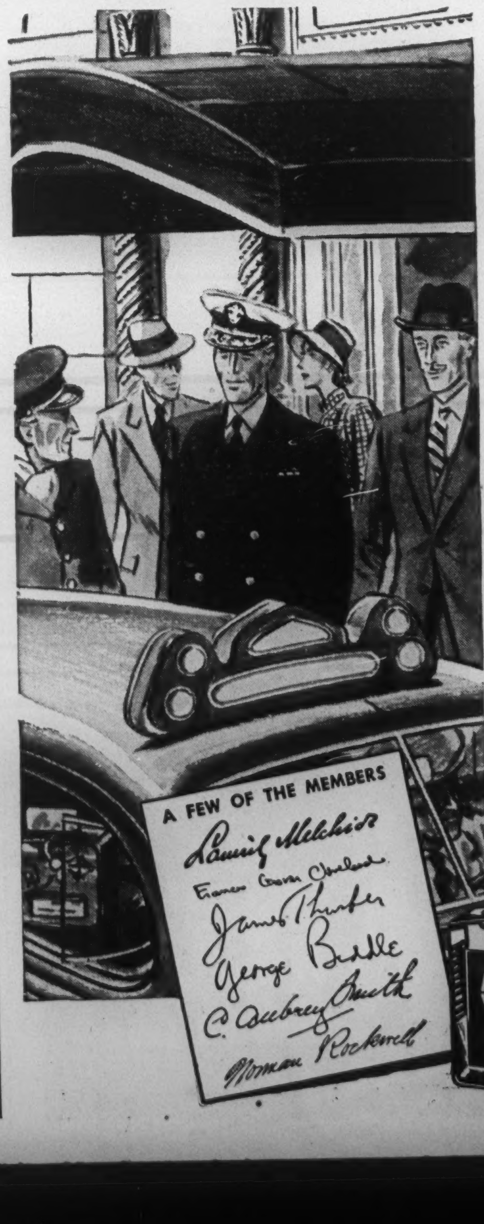

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Middle-Brow Soloist Still Has a Place

By JOHN H. YOCOM

CONRAD THIBAULT is a handsome, suave, well-wearing baritone whose place on the concert stage is well to the left of the high-brow centre but nevertheless appears to be an acceptable and firm one. Such a vocal classification is fairly common in radio but rarer on the concert platform. At last week's Prom concert with the Toronto Philharmonic Orchestra, Maurice Abravanel conducting, Thibault sang a couple of arias (Massenet's "Promesse de Mon Avenir" from "Le Roi de Lahore" and Bizet's "Toreador Song") with conventional aplomb and production, if hardly with operatic distinction, and the audience with equally conventional and almost reflexive response applauded well. But it was when Conrad did his middle-brow work—in things like "Ol' Man River" and "The Blind Ploughman"—that one was reminded of his real forte.

Then Thibault's urbanity, razor-keen sense of presentation and gift of humor, which is rare among singers of any classification, took over. His warm and flexible baritone voice, impressively dramatic or relaxed as required, was pleasing—if one didn't look too closely.

It is easy enough for one snobbbishly to find fault with such vocalizing—for instance, to want more operatic numbers and less flamboyancy in certain lyrics and less bathos in others—but the truth is that Conrad Thibault knows his capacities, has exploited them carefully and has achieved a successful career of singing to please people, i.e., *most* of the people. Better that than warmed-over high-brow efforts beyond the singer's powers. In attack, tone, diction and shading the renderings were admirable.

The one sub-Thibault-standard was Berlin's "All Alone." Even props like a gaudily arranged string accompaniment and Conrad's suavity and glow couldn't make that number middle-brow either in performance or content.

Maurice Abravanel did a refreshingly peppy job of conducting Glinka's "Russlan and Ludmilla" Overture and the Prom orchestra gave a performance well rounded-off with bounce and tunefulness. However, not so precise was the playing of the second and third movements of Tschaikowsky's Sixth Symphony. Furthermore, for those of us who like symphonies to be played in their entirety, hearing a couple of movements plucked here and there from their roots is an unsatisfying experience. Regardless of the symphony's construction, which in this case, as the program notes defensively pointed out, was "more like suites," the fact remains that one becomes accustomed, through countless previous concert performances or from recordings, to getting the symphony as a complete emotional experience in four movements.

Good Prom fare with spirited execution made up the balance of the program: Bizet's "L'Arlesienne Suite" with a fine flute and harp duet in one of the units, Chabrier's "Espana" and a bagful of Strauss — "Emperor Waltz," "Pizzicato Polka," etc.

Prom Conductor

Maurice Abravanel who last season conducted the Broadway Elmer Rice-Kurt Weill music-drama "Street Scene"—for box-office reasons not billed as an opera (S.N., Aug. 2), flew from Mexico City to conduct the Prom last week and the one following. Abravanel has been conducting a series of symphony concerts, as well as directing Opera Nacional's performances of "Romeo and Juliet" and "Thais." Abravanel was born in Greece of Spanish-Portuguese parents and educated in Switzerland. In 1922 he conducted opera and symphony in Germany and in 1932 became the musical director of Blanchine's Ballet in Paris. Guest appearances in Rome, Geneva and Australian cities followed. From 1936-38 he conducted at the Met and in 1938 began conducting Broadway hit shows — "Knickerbocker Holiday," "Lady in the Dark," "One Touch of Venus," Billy Rose's "Seven Lively Arts." He still managed to get in guest conducting jobs at Chicago, New York and other U.S. cities. Maurice Abravanel's appointment as permanent conductor and music director of the Utah Symphony in Salt Lake City has just been announced.

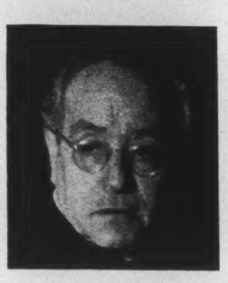
For the Aug. 21 Prom Jose Forgues, soprano-winner of the "Stars of Tomorrow" radio show, will be guest artist with Rex Battle conducting and playing Grieg's A-minor Concerto.

Last year Canadian-born tenor Joseph Laderoute sang the title role in the first U.S. performance of Benjamin Britten's "Peter Grimes." The occasion was the Berkshire Music Centre session at Tanglewood, Mass. A fortnight ago at the same place, Laderoute took the title role in another North American première, this time Mozart's "Idomeneo." Critics present reported that Laderoute's work both in solo and duet numbers (with Nancy Trickey as Princess Ilia) was of a high quality.

Newfoundland Folksongs

Recently Leslie Bell, director of the famed all-girl Bell Singers and professor of Music Education Methods at the Ontario College of Education, accompanied by handsome, youthful Canadian composer and arranger Howard Cable, flew to Newfoundland, there to spend the rest of the summer getting a tan, some fish (?), and folksong material. They will listen to fishermen sing native melodies, then put down on paper what they hear (and overhear). For other songs they will scratch through old native collections. Any material they pick up will be considered for a national compilation on which the two men are working.

Roman Choir Eulogy to World War Dead



RT. REV. MSGR. REFICE

ON THE evenings of Monday, Aug. 18, and Tuesday, Aug. 19, at Maple Leaf Gardens, the internationally famous Roman Singers from Rome will sing a program of sacred music, under the personal direction of the Rt. Reverend Monsignor Licinio Refice, considered by Arturo Toscanini to be one of the leading conductor-composers of our time.

The Choir, wearing cassocks and surplices, identical with those worn in Vatican City, numbers fifty-four male voices, ranging from those of very young boys to those of men of mature years. They come to the U.S. and to five Canadian cities, by special permission of His Holiness Pope Pius XII, as a gesture of international good will, and to consolidate cultural activities throughout the world.

Brought to the United States and Canada by Vladimir Lubarsky (a former Italian impresario who fled Italy during the Fascist regime in 1939) the Roman Choir whose fame is almost legendary made a sensational debut at the Polo Grounds, New York, on Aug. 2, and already the enthusiasm they created in Gotham has extended throughout the country. They also appear in Quebec City, Montreal and Ottawa. Their coming appearance in Toronto is under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus and the Catholic Guild of St. Paul. Prominent churchmen, as well as government and civic officials, will lend their presence to the performance.

It must be noted that this aggregation of singers is not merely the Vatican Choir. The vocalists are drawn from the choir of three famous basilicas in the Eternal City: from St. Peter's, St. John Lateran, Santa Maria Maggiore and the Sistine Chapel. Historically the group developed from the liturgical singing sponsored by Pope Sylvester I in 314 A.D.

Conducted personally by Monsignor Refice, the program will include the director's own choral eulogy to the dead of World War II. The repertoire is varied and includes the works of Palestrina, Vittoria, Marenzio, Viadine, and Ingenieri among others.

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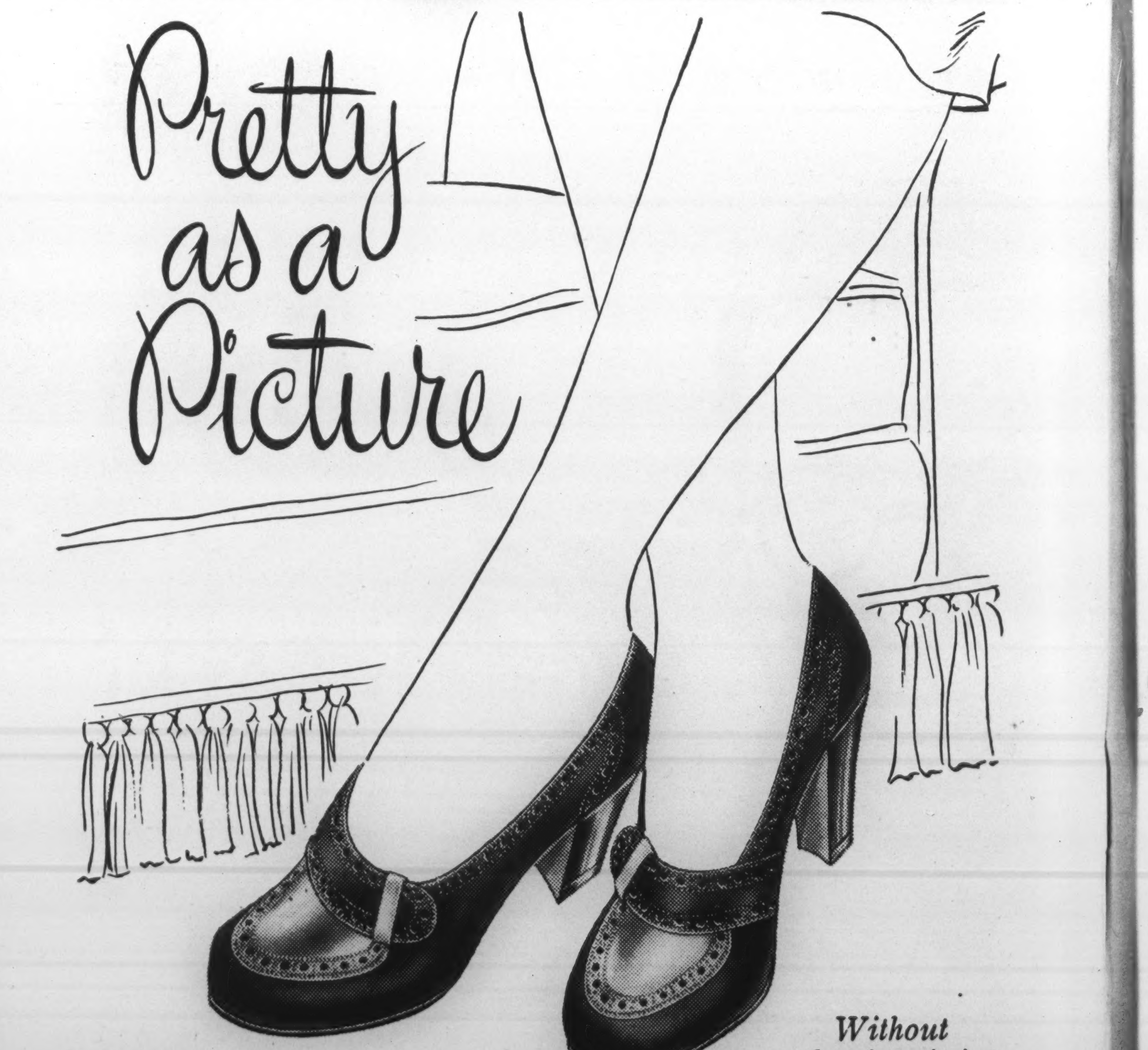
The tea-pot illustrated below is early 19th Century English Cottage Ware and consists of copper lustre applied over a brown pottery base. Photograph by courtesy of the Royal Ontario Museum.

"SALADA" TEA



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FOR MEN AND WOMEN

RECORD REVIEW

Engineers Reproduce Entrancing Mozart

By JOHN L. WATSON

I THINK Wolfgang Mozart would be mightily pleased to hear how frequently and how well his compositions are being performed and recorded for his twentieth century admirers. No composer has fared better at the hands of the major American record companies in the last few years. The latest tribute to his genius is the new Victor recording of the Symphony No. 38 in D, by the St. Louis Symphony, under Vladimir Golschmann (DM1085). An entrancing little work, it has been nicknamed the "Prague Symphony" for no better reason than that it was first performed during the composer's memorable visit to the Czech capital, where for the first time he experienced the delirious adulation of an enthusiastic public.

The "Prague" is an unpretentious little symphony, flawless in construction, and exquisite in proportion. Unlike the traditional symphony of Mozart's day, it contains only three movements and lacks the customary minuet. Nonetheless, it is as highly developed, structurally and thematically, as any of its fellows, not excepting the "Jupiter." Mr. Golschmann can go to the head of the class for his fine, sensitive reading—and all honors to the Victor engineers for an honest and faithful recording.

Never let it be said that the films contribute nothing to culture. A recent celluloid epic entitled "Carnegie Hall" has led to the production of a new Columbia album (D189) called "A Night at Carnegie Hall" which contains half a dozen very acceptable contributions by such celebrities as Ezio Pinza, Risë Stevens, Raoul Jobin and Lily Pons. Most of the music is fairly well worn but it is handled for the most part with consummate artistry. The selections include "Mon Coeur à ta Voix," "The Bell Song," Seguidilla and Duet from "Carmen," "Il Lacerato Spirito" and two arias from "Don Giovanni." The recording is excellent and Mr. Pinza's singing alone is worth the price of admission.

New Sonata Pathetique

Good recordings of the Beethoven sonatas are not as numerous as they ought to be, so the new Victor release of the Sonata Pathétique, performed by Artur Rubinstein (DM-1102) is an encouraging, though faltering, step in the right direction.

The "Pathétique," one of the four "titled" sonatas, dates from 1799 and, in the breadth of its concept, technical and emotional, it rings down the curtain on 18th century music and heralds the gaudy dawn of the Romantic age. It has been aptly termed "the first truly modern sonata."

Mr. Rubinstein's performance, while brilliant and showy, lacks the clarity, the precision, the uncompromising austerity one might expect from, say, Schnabel. Nor is the recording entirely free from murky and fuzzy passages. All in all, a well-intentioned but unsatisfactory effort.

Songs from the new Broadway smash hit "Finian's Rainbow" have been recorded by Columbia (D182) with members of the original cast, including Ella Logan, Donald Richards and the Lynn Murray Singers. Having listened to this album, I would be hard put to it to explain the tremendous success of the show. The lyrics, by E. Y. Harburg, are only occasionally amusing and the music, by Burton Lane, is wholly mediocre.

I am not familiar with the libretto but it apparently concerns itself with a group of Irish-type characters full of that legendary Irish whimsicality so dear to the hearts of Broadway producers. For all I know, Miss Ella Logan may be as Irish as Paddy's pig but her "brogue" is suspiciously redolent of 42nd Street and there is an ear-shattering stridency to her top notes that would curdle the blood of a professional hog-caller. One or two of the songs, like "The Begat" and "When I'm Not Near the Girl I Love" are fairly sprightly but the rest is darkness and confusion.

"Brigadoon" Songs

A good deal higher in my estimation is the other Broadway hit, "Brigadoon", the show with the Highland setting. From "Brigadoon" two songs (unfortunately not the best two) are sung by the inimitable Frank Sinatra on Columbia C8046. They are "It's Almost Like Being in Love" and "There, but for You, Go I". They are tuneful ballads, the first more so than the second. As usual, Mr. Sinatra employs those heart-rending little sobs and gurgles that have made him the idol of so many emotionally hungry American girls.

Like onions and Andy Hardy, Mr. Morton Gould keeps coming back when you least expect him. In the new Columbia album "The Music of Morton Gould" (D180), he appears as composer, arranger and conductor, leading the Robin Hood Dell Orchestra of Philadelphia in his own "Cowboy Rhapsody" and "American Salute", plus new arrangements of the "Red Cavalry March", the "New China March", "Go Down Moses" and "Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child". The Rhapsody is a dreary and uninspired medley of standard cowboy tunes; the Salute is the familiar "When Johnny Comes Marching Home", arranged to sound like a cross between a Souza march and an Irish jig—but a cheerful and likeable performance for all that. In the spirituals, Mr. Gould has made an honest attempt to be serious, but the melodies have been taken too far out of their context to sound like anything but just "arrangements". The Russian march is exciting, the Chinese one merely commonplace. The recording is fair to middling.

Some months ago I admitted to a strong prejudice against Victor Herbert and all his works, a prejudice which even the excellence of Columbia's "Songs of Victor Herbert" (D183) has failed to diminish. There are six songs in all and I think you can guess what the titles are. Risë Stevens sings them very sweetly, ably assisted by a male chorus and orchestra conducted by Sylvan Shulman.

An interesting single is the Victor recording (11-9260) of Ravel's "Ondine" played by Alexander Brailowsky. Mr. B's. performance is first-rate and the music is a fragile and haunting reminder of the era that bred Mallarmé, Rimbaud and Verlaine.

Artur Rubinstein plays Schumann's "The Prophet Bird" and Liszt's "Forgotten Waltz" on Victor 10-1272. Charming but unimportant music expertly performed.

Columbia has obligingly rewaxed a group of old-timers by Bing Crosby under the title of "Crosby Classics" (Set A42). They include some of The Groaner's most impassioned utterances, such as "How Deep is the Ocean?", "Some of These Days", "Please" and "Thanks." All done in the usual Crosby manner, be that good or ill.

Rex Battle, conductor-pianist, will play and conduct the first movement of Grieg's A minor concerto at the Prom symphony concert Aug. 21.

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THE BOOKSHELF

CONDUCTED BY HERBERT McMANUS

Some as Learned Bends and Itches and Some as Didn't Like It

THE STONE FRIGATE—by John Davies —*Macmillans*—*$1.75.*

OFF MY SEA CHEST—by Lewis H. Conarroe—*Oxford*—*$3.25.*

THE time appears to have come for some of those hundred of thousands of civilians who were uprooted rather violently and for some years cast into sharply differing Service molds, to regain their breath and look back wonderingly on just what happened to them. Their wonder is not at all about any of the more vehement experiences of war but rather at the amazingly efficient processes by which a school teacher or an advertising man could be converted, without undue lapse of time, into a competent able-bodied seaman or deck officer. The story was very much the same in all the Services but this time the Navies—Royal and U.S.—tell the tale, or rather their raw material tells it for them.

These books are interesting both for parallel and contrast; we leave Peter Davies the Englishman at the conclusion of his preliminary training with great peace and anticipation in his soul; we leave Mr. Conarroe, demobbed with the exalted rank of Lieutenant-Commander, with an even greater amount of iron and bitterness. Completely unconsciously the two volumes throw a great deal of light upon the characters of the authors and even more importantly upon the two chief effects which Service life had upon its participants. Most of these were capable of adjustment, were able to surmount the unpleasantness and even boredom and some persecution and their armchair memories of today are about the finer and better things; these have the true, and very largely general, nostalgia. The others were never able to climb above the minor misfortunes and obvious inefficiencies which any very large organization inevitably generates; it must be admitted too that sometimes fortune played strange tricks upon individuals in the shape of puffed-up and even sadistic commanders. These never survived a gnawing revolt and a thought of what they would do "someday" when they could really get things off their chest, and for them Mr. Conarroe's sea chest contains an ample cargo of "revelation" and dissatisfaction. For the other class Mr. Davies' book will be a joy and treasure.

An Inch Thick

Davies' first reaction after acceptance by the Navy was one of elation; he was moved, even, to tell an old lady passing by on the street, about it. "God 'elp yer, lad" was the reply that brought him to his senses. The stone frigate he joined was an East Coast station where the first evening the training officer politely explained why the Navy was breaking them down—"you are in process of acquiring an inferiority complex an inch thick"—in order to build them up its own way. That was the end of that piece of kindness; soon came the succession of Petty Officers whose duty it was to shape and instruct.

"'Remember you are in the Navy and the Navy is a Horganized Body, and in any horganized body there must be horganized movement. In other words you've got to 'ave some drill. And before you move about you've got to know 'ow to stand still.' He took a deep breath as he mentally turned over a page of the Training Manual."

And so it went day after day for those whom the Admiralty "with its flair for the *mot juste* is pleased to call 'men dressed as seamen'", through endless drill, endless dot-dash, and equally endless "bends and itches" and gunnery. All the while the magic of discipline and training was working its unseen effect until that passing out day came when, at the celebrating dinner, the stony instructors turned out to be human beings after all. Critics may say that there is something too schoolboyish about all this for grown men; the test is that, when the time comes, it works.

Far Worse Than This

Mr. Conarroe's civilian background was probably no more luxurious than that of Davies, despite his addiction to clothes and neckties. His frustration started early, in the days when he was attempting to "wangle" his way in, through the help of a Washington friend. In fact he begins to feel sorry for himself when he has to pack his books and clothing away for the duration: "Well, I thought, pretending to be philosophical, many a person in England has seen far worse than this."

At his "training" school, his tender soul was further affronted when his instructor addressed him as "Mr. Canoorsy" instead of the proper, it would seem, "Con-arrow"; that, apart from the fact that he had to memorize many things, about sums up his experience there. From then, on to the end, the story purports to be a cynical disclosure of the truth of Navy customs from etiquette to Mess accounts to petty graft. Conarroe never seemed to get over the fact that senior officers are necessary and the fact that "Rank Has Its Privileges" continued to gripe to the end. For him it must be said that he did enjoy his seagoing experiences much more than being kicked around on shore stations but on the other hand there is nothing in his "revelations" to cause any heartburning whatsoever among Washington brass.

LEWIS CONARROE

As every serviceman, of whatever degree, is only too well aware the administrative side is capable of much apparent stupidity, which does bring about hardship on some individuals. But it is completely impossible to imagine that all, or most, Annapolis types are selfish, incompetent self-seekers. The record of the American Navy fighting a successful war thousands of miles from its main bases, needs no apology. And for those who criticize the system in toto, there is always one excellent answer; it worked. Civilian endeavor, for over-all efficiency, has very little reason to sneer at the Services.

Conarroe's book, for all its seeming pettishness, is not hard to read, and his naval experiences have produced, as is to be expected, some good and salty stories. One of the better ones concerns the action of the deck-swabbing seaman who encountered a sun-bathing body sprawled on his assigned area. The body was that of the Captain. It is too bad, therefore, that the prevailing note of the effort is one of slightly bad-tempered and perpetual griping. Mr. Conarroe seems oblivious of the fact that he may have offered, to anyone senior to himself, a very tempting object to kick around.

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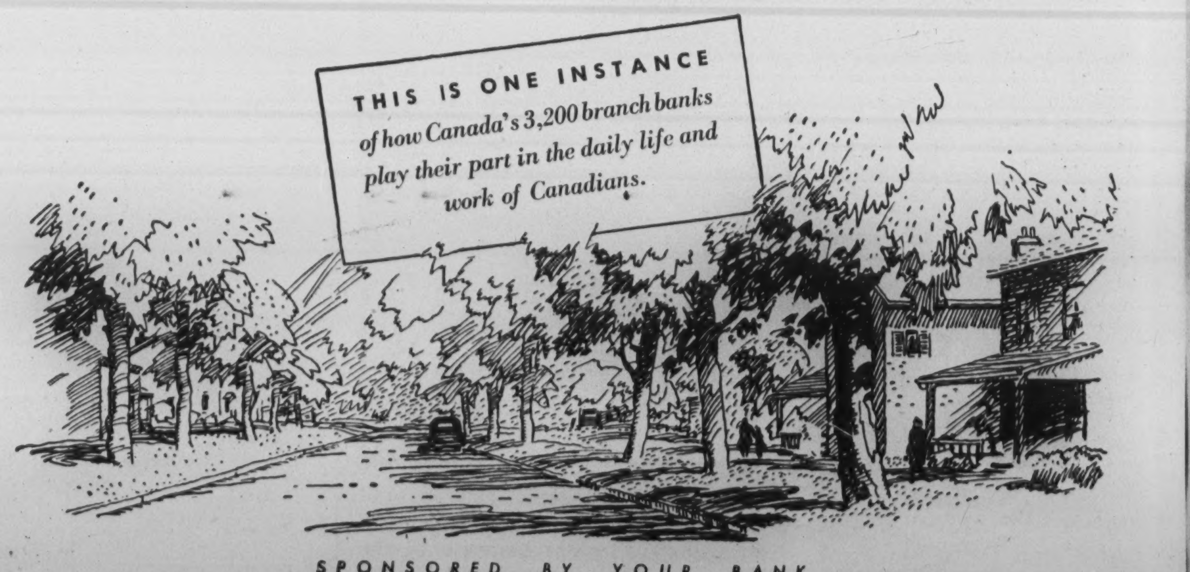
...so Mary will take up nursing after all

IT LOOKED for a while as if a temporary financial problem in the family might keep Mary from finishing "High". If she had to quit school to help the family income *that* would have meant good-bye to her hopes of becoming a nurse.

But here she is, starting her final year. Did her Dad suddenly come into some money?

No . . . and yes. He consulted his bank manager, who told him how the bank, through personal loans, often helped people to meet just such situations. Arrangements were made, and now Mary will take up nursing after all.

In 1946 Canada's banks made *half a million* personal loans to Canadian men and women.



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THE BOOKSHELF

Mankind Destined to be Perfect Says Famous French Scientist

By A. F. W. PLUMPTRE

HUMAN DESTINY — by Lecomte du Noüy—*Longmans, Green*—*$4.00*.

ON THE jacket of Lecomte du Noüy's new book the publishers compare it with the great works of other scientists such as Newton, Darwin and Einstein. They claim it "may change the whole direction of scientific thought since the Renaissance. It can make history".

This is nonsense. Nevertheless the book has been a best seller for many weeks and probably deserves to be. Its message can be summed up in five points:

1. Science cannot explain life. In fact the materials — the molecules — that go into living things are so complicated that they could not have come into existence accidentally, that is without some force at work other than pure chance.

2. Further, evolution — the growth of higher and more complicated forms of life — actually runs counter to the scientific law which seems to govern non-living things, for when they change (for instance when wood burns) they always seem to degrade into lower and simpler forms (such as ash) with less power and less possibilities in them.

3. So we cannot explain life, much less evolution, without calling on something outside the realms of science. Life and evolution are not accidental: they are purposeful (or "telefinalist" to use the author's own word). If we fully understand these things we cannot avoid a belief in God. Atheists, rationalists and materialists are credulous; it is they, not religious people, who hold an irrational faith in the origin and development of the world.

4. Just as man is the goal of hundreds of millions of years of animal evolution in the past, so perfect man is the goal of our development in the future. Man is more than an animal because of his sense of moral values, his conscience, his religion, and his culture. In perfect man these things will be found to perfection and we have a pattern of perfect man in Jesus Christ. A "pure spiritual race" is "destined to appear one day".

5. Man, unlike animals, can choose between good and bad. "Any restriction to liberty of conscience is contrary to the great law of evolution, that is to the Divine Will... Nobody has the right to substitute his own conscience for that of another, for progress depends on personal effort... 'Good' is the respect of human personality." Thus, by self-discipline, we all can and should play our part in mankind's evolution towards the pure spiritual race.

The Reasons Why

Why do people flock to buy a book with such a message these days? There are probably three reasons. First, after the war we are all asking ourselves religious and moral questions and welcome a vigorous assertion that mankind has a noble destiny. Second, we welcome an affirmation of personal freedom, responsibility and dignity at a time when the world seems to be drifting toward fascism or communism. Third, some of us seem to have forgotten that one of the chief battles between science and religion was settled long ago and we find some comfort in being reminded of the settlement.

More than fifty years ago the leading English authority on science vs. religion could write: "A decided and authoritative conclusion has now taken place in science. So far as science can settle anything, this question is settled. The attempt to get the living out of the dead has failed. . . . And it is now recognized on every hand that life can only come from the touch of life." (Henry Drummond in "Natural Law in the Spiritual World".)

Settled it may be but somehow we seem to forget; science is so up-and-doing all around us all the time, our papers are so full of ball-pointed pens and centrifugal washing machines and atomic bombs. We need to be reminded often that science is neither omnipotent nor omniscient. And it is a very good thing for a reminder to come from such a good scientist as Lecomte du Noüy.

To do them justice, good scientists have not claimed for a long time that science can explain everything, in fact some of them like Eddington and Jeans and du Noüy have taken pains to stress that it cannot. Unfortunately, perhaps, such scientists are not satisfied merely to deny that science knows all; they go on to set forth their own ideas about religion and philosophy. In these fields they are not experts so they leave themselves wide open to attack.

Churchmen, pleased to get outside support, are not so prone to attack them as philosophers; it is not surprising that reviews of du Noüy's book in religious journals seem very favorable. But, for all this, the religious parts of his book are thin and ought to irritate any rigorous theologist. Take for instance what he says about immortality. He simply uses an illustration. Just as a shooting star, he says, leaves a long tail behind it, so an individual will often leave a mark on earth much greater after he is dead than when he was living. Now leaving a mark on earth has nothing to do with immortality, at least as set forth in Christian doctrines. Yet on the basis of this illustration he says he believes in immortality. Moreover much of what he says in the rest of his book could be used —indeed almost seems intended to be used—to argue against the possibility of immortality.

In the field of philosophy he begins by reminding us that "great philosophers twenty-six hundred years ago displayed a knowledge of man which has not been surpassed, but only confirmed today", but later his material is not satisfactory. In still other fields, such as education and child psychology, he produces some remarks which are startling for their superficiality: "If truth alone were taught in schools, throughout the world, there could be no totalitarian states"; and again, "The idea that it is *possible* (for a child) to disobey his parents must be eradicated".

But despite this, and despite his love for sixty-four dollar words such as "telefinalist", he has written a book that is well worth reading. The first hundred pages, where he restates the theory of evolution and explains the limits of science, are not only interesting, they are exciting.

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WORLD OF WOMEN

An Attempt at a Constructive Philosophy for These Times

By DR. GERMAINE HANNEVART

Dr. Germaine Hannevart (Biological Science), is President of the Belgian Federation of University Women, and Vice-President of the International Federation of University Women. The organization has been holding its first postwar conference during the past week. Dr. Hannevart's article concludes the series "A Constructive Philosophy For Our Time" written for SATURDAY NIGHT *by members of the I.F.U.W.*

"Lasse des mots, lasse des livres,
Qui tiédissent la volonté,
Je cherche, au fond de ma fierté
L'acte qui sauve et qui délivre."
*"Les Visages de la Vie."**

DIZZY with contemplation of the problems of the universe, man tries to understand what it is all about.

The world's great thinkers have produced for us, one after another, learned and abstruse systems of philosophy which are the subject of our university studies, of our research, our meditations and our heated discussions. But how far do these touch the unlearned "man in the street"?

The erudite thinker with his load of knowledge, hardly conscious of the real life that is throbbing so near him, and the scholar who, in the evening of his life, realizes, with a kind of despair, that he is old, that death is near and beyond is the unknown with its uncertainty and fear, have either of them in truth formulated a philosophy they can call their own?

It is indeed a worthy achievement to have studied, to be learned, to have enriched mankind by sensational discoveries whose application transforms life; but does all that in fact give us a philosophy of life? Bees make, of the diverse forms of nectar which they plunder, "a honey that is all their own". Does the philosopher do as much?

Every religion offers us its own solution of the mystery: "whence do we come and whither do we go?", and on their answers are based the many creeds, with their own ideas of philosophy and morality. But what if "the heavens are void", and what is there for the man untouched by grace? And what of the man who falls from grace or who has the misfortune to lose his faith? What answer do the creeds give to his anxious questioning?

We lull ourselves with words, with fine, big words: God, Humanity, Country, which are like banners to us and give us a purpose in life. But what do these words mean to the untutored man who speaks from the heart instead of just repeating what he has learned? To find the answer, I went to simple and unlearned folk.

A little girl said to me: "Whenever I go for a walk, every pebble, every flower, every little thing that moves around me seems so wonderful. It's grand to be alive."

A young miner, returning home after five years absence (in the 1914-18 war) wept at the sight of the black slag-heaps of the collieries of his home district, but his friend said to him: "Fancy getting worked up over coal heaps, after France, so big and lovely!" They had travelled, these two, while on leave, and in each of them there was dawning a personal philosophy, on the one hand love of one's own bit of the homeland, and on the other a feeling of international brotherhood.

It was a young woman who said to me: "You can't imagine the serenity that comes from thinking that we have our little niche as human beings in the cycle of life; we draw our sustenance from the plants and the animals that eat them, and so we live on the chemical elements and the energy of the sun; we each have only a short span of years, a hundred at the most, and then we return to the elements and continue the great cycle. But in that short term we can make an attempt to understand, to solve the problem of life."

All Men Are Brothers

Once, in 1920, when I still believed in the glory of victory, I met among his native hills a peasant of Andorra,† proud of the superiority of his tiny country, because, he said, it "had not been mixed up in the war." Which of us, after taking part in our bloody conflicts, would dare to repeat with him his belief: "All men are brothers"?

A mother, whose three years of mourning had not assuaged her grief, said something astonishing to me: "I should be grieving still more if my boy had died in battle. He was accidentally killed when the war plane he was in crashed. That is Fate, and I accept it. But I am glad he did not go to his death killing other men and believing in an ideal that the post-war world has betrayed. I hate those noisy patriots, shouting their slogans; too many of them are people who got rich out of the war, and, arrogant in their wealth, they will think up fresh slogans to mislead us, doing nothing to see that traitors are punished."

An old man, under the German occupation, wrote to me: "One of my sons is on active service, the other is a prisoner in Germany. The war will last a long time, but I want to see my sons again and I shall live long enough for that". And he did live on, just until they came back.

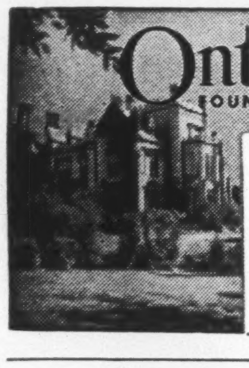
In the devastated human anthill that is Europe, you should have seen the survivors emerging from the ruins. Without waiting for aid from the public authorities, while the hum of the bombers was dying away in the distance, each of them set to work, cleared away the rubble, sorted out the debris, built a shelter, began to cultivate his field again or set up his business or started his job again, and, defying the enemies in occupation of his country, planted on the ruins the colors of the Allies, the national flag or the V for Victory.

With such spirit and such a will to

**Translation of the Quotation at the beginning:*—
"Weary of words and books which
sap the will,
I probe the depths of my pride
For the redeeming deed."

†*Footnote on Andorra:*
A free principality of only a few square miles, between France and Spain, with about 5000 inhabitants.

Jose Forgues, soprano, 1947 winner of "Singing Stars of Tomorrow", will be guest soloist at Aug. 21 Prom.



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Your baby from 4 to 7 months

He's beginning to look around with wide-eyed interest . . . tries to sit up . . . expresses himself by coos and gurgles and delighted smiles. But he still sleeps like a little log for 16 to 18 hours. Solid foods are a regular part of his menu, and to tempt his tiny appetite, mothers may choose three of Heinz Strained Foods—Carrots, Green Beans, and Apple Sauce. All Heinz Strained Foods have a smooth uniform texture for easy digestion.

Your baby from 7 to 9 months

He's sitting up alone now . . . reaching for every object in sight. His great delight is playing with things he can crumple or bang. And his teeth? He has one, maybe two! Mother may add three more varieties of Heinz Strained Foods to his menu—Vegetables and Lamb, Spinach, and Apricots with Oatmeal. These are carefully prepared from highest quality fruits, vegetables and meat . . . cooked to retain in high degree the minerals and vitamins baby should have.

Your baby from 9 to 12 months

He may not be able to stand up yet, but he's certainly trying with all his little heart. He understands many things you say to him and he may be saying a few to you. More teeth are appearing, and mother introduces him to more Heinz Strained Foods. For his main course—Asparagus, Beef and Liver Soup. For his dessert—smooth, delicious Orange Custard. All in all, Heinz offers 22 varieties of Strained Foods—each one designed to make small babies big and keep all babies healthy.

Heinz Baby Foods

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live, these people are never defeated. If they accept foreign help, gratefully, as a precious symbol of brotherhood, they do not beg for it, nor do they count on it or on anyone. Fiercely individualistic, they know that you must rely first of all on yourself, "the rest will be added unto you".

All these echoes harmonize into one song: Belief in Life. Life is worth living for its own sake, and from it one may draw material for a constructive philosophy within reach of all men. We, the citizens of the small countries, can reach such a philosophy more easily than those of the great powers, for we are nearer to simple humanity. No imperialism falsifies our conceptions and of this we are proud. We have no dreams of conquering the world or of making our influence triumph in it, (the formula of modern conquerors), and, seeing life with open eyes, objectively, we know what are the evils which drag humanity down and ruin its destiny: they are Fear, Want, Greed.

Fear, the fear of the unknown, of the future, of the beyond; fear which makes cowards of us, and makes us accept compromises; fear which spoils our enjoyment of the moment in which we live.

Want, the want that deprives children of education, workmen of security, the sick of care and attention, the aged of tranquillity.

Greed, that thirst for power, that need to enslave others, which makes man hateful and vile.

From these evils we must liberate both ourselves and others, building a philosophy based on a belief in life.

Man, who yesterday was a slave, now lifts his head; these dreadful wars have taught him to think; suffering and the enforced idleness of camps have given him an opportunity to clarify his thoughts; he wants to develop to the full his natural gifts, and he wants this, not only for himself but for all children without distinction of sex, race or religion, so that, from this apparent equality, there may rise the most splendid, real and fertile diversity.

Contact with other men has taught him the artificiality of political frontiers; he knows that there are good fellows everywhere and he counts as brothers men of all latitudes; he knows that the questions that puzzle him are common to all humanity. He hates war, for he has taken the measure of its stupidity.

Man, who yesterday was a slave, now demands the reward for his labors, the right to work. He demands that social security which every State, after two world wars, is now compelled to organize. He dreams of a world security of which his leaders are again trying to lay the foundations.

And also he wishes to see the world, to enjoy its beauty and express his emotions in art and exchange his ideas and emotions with those of other men. For him, though spiritual values may be pre-eminent, he first of all wants his share in this earthly paradise.

• •

Roosevelt Library Is Souvenir Treasury

By MARGARET E. NESS

A DESK calendar that, every day of the year, reads April 16, stands on a desk in a much-visited library. The desk and the worn chair behind it came from the White House in Washington. The date was that on which President Roosevelt planned to leave for the San Francisco Conference in 1945. But, as the world knows, the President died suddenly on April 12.

Now his working desk and chair are part of the Roosevelt display in the Library building on his Hyde Park estate.

The library is a fascinating place where one could spend many, many days looking over the Roosevelt mementoes. There are letters and early family photographs, political cartoons, and gifts received by President and Mrs. Roosevelt from all over the world.

There is the red academic robe and white lined hood received by the President when he was awarded an honorary degree of Doctor of Laws at McGill University in 1944. There is a beautiful gold inkwell inscribed and presented by King George as a souvenir of Their Majesties' visit to the United States in 1939.

Gifts from other crowned heads are there, too. A gold tiara and bracelets, a gift to Mrs. Roosevelt from Sidi Mohammed, Sultan of Morocco, the semi-precious stones in the tiara being from the Sultan's family jewels. Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia presented President Roosevelt, on his Yalta Conference trip, with a breath-taking jewelled dagger, sheath and sequin embroidered belt. And Haile Selassie of Ethiopia sent the President a golden orb.

Items of Family History

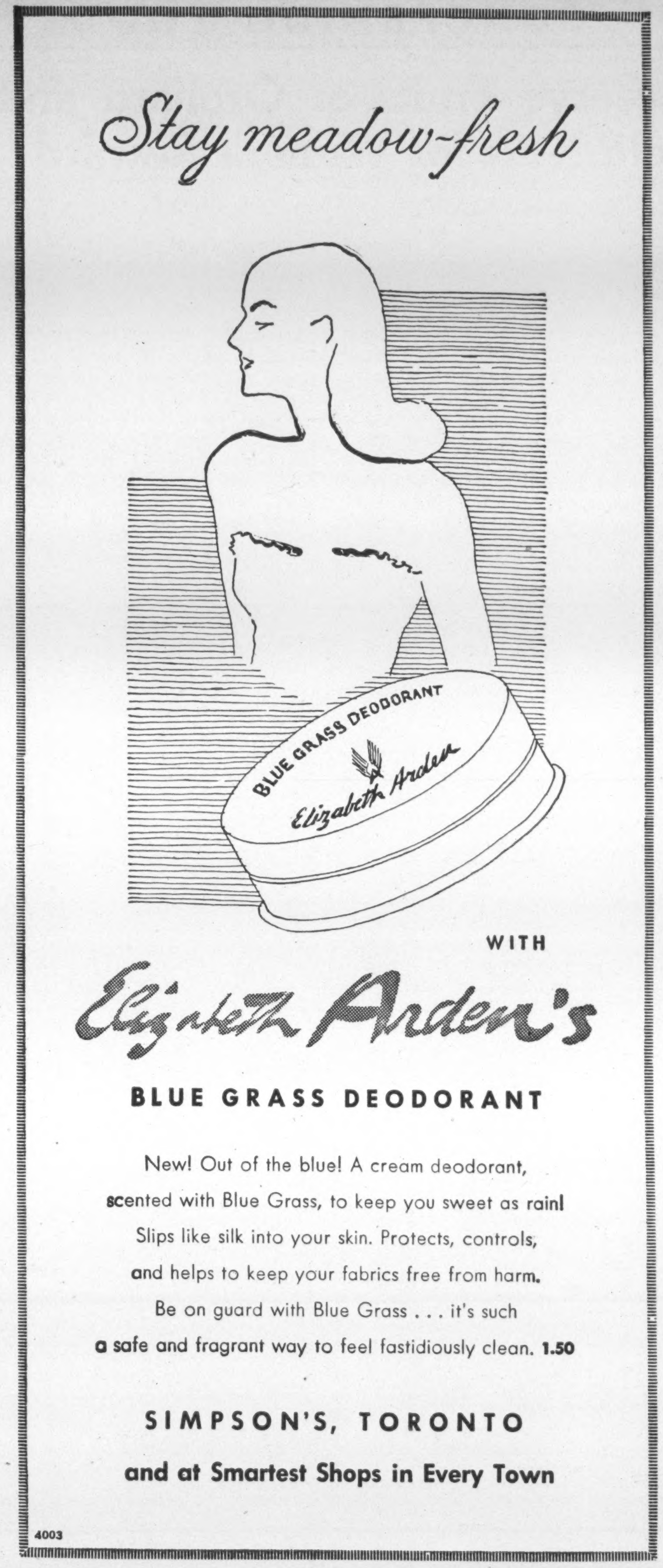
These are just a few of the gifts on display, that came from intimate friends, visitors and countries. The Grand Duchy of Luxemburg sent, in 1941, a beautiful painting of the ancestral home of the President's mother. This was the Castle of Clervaux in Luxemburg.

There in the library, are the long exquisitely made christening robes of both President and Mrs. Roosevelt, their marriage certificate witnessed by Theodore (Teddy) Roosevelt and Edith Kermit Roosevelt, and the family Bible on which Franklin Delano Roosevelt took the oath of office for two terms as Governor of New York State and four terms as President of the United States of America. The bible was published at Amsterdam, Holland, in 1626, is in the Dutch language and has been handed down in direct succession from Claes Martenszen van Rosenvelt, who came to America in 1649.

On the walls are a few of the original pen and ink drawings by Alan Foster that were among the President's favorite cartoons. There are pictures of "Falla" and a shadowy male figure. Two of the titles that speak for themselves are "The President likes to sleep at the head of my bed" and "The President likes to accompany me in these rides."

In the basement of the Library are carriages and ice sleds and sleighs. One sleigh was historically romantic enough for any sightseer, for it had been given to Napoleon the Third by Alexander the Second of Russia and used by the Emperor and Empress until the Paris Commune ended the Empire. The sleigh went on the auction block, was bought by the President's father for fifteen dollars, and was used by the Roosevelt family until recent years. There, too, is the carriage in which the President's grandmother took her wedding journey.

A short distance from the Library is the President's grave and the Roosevelt home. The entire estate was designated as a national historic site in 1944, with the members of the Roosevelt family retaining life interest in the home. After the President's death, the family waived their life interest and this Hyde Park estate has now become one of the pilgrimage spots of the United States, on the New York-Albany Post Road, a few miles north of Poughkeepsie.



CONCERNING FOOD

Preserve Fruits of Orchard and Field Now for Winter's Reward

By JANET MARCH

DO YOU remember that ancient tongue twister, "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers," and the harder one "The Leith police dismisseth us"? Indeed there was a book with one for each letter of the alphabet in which it was pretty certain you would get all tied up unless you read them at a snail's pace with all the dictates of your old teacher of choral speech in your mind. What I want to know is where Peter found his pickled peppers to pick because the whole lengthy canning process could be speeded up by the discovery of those Elysian fields. Eugene Field's sugar plum tree and Hansel and Gretel's gingerbread house would, in the housewife's mind, be of no account beside a raspberry patch gleaming with neat rows of ready-made jars of jam.

Freeze Them

If you only had to pick or buy the fruits and vegetables summer life would be simple. Of course that is about all you have to do if you have a deep freeze locker plant nearby. Some freezing plants will even prepare your fruits and vegetables for you at quite a small charge, but if yours doesn't give this service then you have to blanch the vegetables yourself, put them in cartons, and pack the fruit with its sugar. This is not as much trouble as canning with heat and, of course, the results are marvellous. The Government bulletin on freezing fruits and vegetables can be obtained by writing to the Consumer Section of the Dominion Department of Agriculture at Ottawa. It includes good advice on the best types of containers and gives neat tables for both vegetables and fruits.

Of course every one who has a garden hopes some day to own a personal deep freeze unit which already some fortunate people have. The problem of the locker, being in the town near your cottage and garden, when you will want to eat the food next winter in the city, is just one of those things. Perhaps a locker in the city too and a rapid car trip on a coolish autumn day between the two will solve the problem. Certainly those fresh berries and string beans and cauliflowers will taste pretty good next winter when the snow lies deep and the prices of imported ones rise high.

Some things are better canned in the old-fashioned way to my thinking. Raspberries are not as good frozen as done by the hot water bath method, and well canned peaches can't be beaten. This is a good year for plums, and they make nearly as delicious a dessert with cream as peaches. And just try a deep plum pie and see if you don't like it.

—Or Can Them

It looks as if the tomatoes will be a little late but very plentiful, and homemade tomato juice and chili sauce are marvellous. In fact, however little you like hovering over a stove when you could be sitting up in the bow of the dinghy, or plowing your ball out of that extra deep bunker with your niblick, you had better spend considerable time with your paring knife. Fruit and vegetables have been pretty expensive, and the new pack of canned fruit appearing now on the shelves tastes wonderful but comes high. It is so nice to see them again and to be able to carry them home without parting with coupons or worrying about whether it would have been better to buy plain sugar instead, that everyone is enjoying them. Still, if you have your own fruit or can come by fairly cheap picking rights on someone else's you can't afford not to be in the bottling business.

When you are trying to estimate the amount of syrup you need remember that roughly it takes 1½ to 2 cups per quart for large fruits and about 1½ cups per quart for small fruits which pack more tightly. Medium syrup is sweet enough for most tastes unless you are canning Damson plums or some extra sour fruit. Medium syrup is made with 1 cup of sugar to 1½ cups of water.

Plums seem to be pretty plentiful this year and are so little trouble to do that they are a pleasure to home canners. Just wash and prick them with a fork and then drop them into boiling syrup. Let simmer for five minutes after the syrup comes back to the boil, and then bottle them.

If you are really careful with your bottles, and wash them very thoroughly, have good new rubbers and strong hands to screw the tops on very tight, you do not have to sterilize them. Some people do for safety, but if you are careful it is not necessary.

Peaches and pears of course both have to be peeled, giving the peeler usually a dark brown forefinger. Wash your hands in cold water first without soap when you have finished peeling. If all else fails try Javel water. This makes you smell like a laundry but it does take out the stains. Drop the halves or quarters of the fruit into boiling medium syrup and simmer for five to eight minutes after the syrup starts boiling again before bottling.

The only irksome thing about making home-made tomato juice is rubbing it through a sieve. You don't even have to peel the tomatoes. Just cut them in quarters and put them on to cook with no water. Let them boil for about five minutes and then rub them through the sieve. If you prefer it, do this twice to be quite sure no seeds get in. Put the juice back to boil again, allowing one teaspoonful of salt for every quart of juice and a dash of pepper. Boil for seven minutes and then bottle.

• •

THE LIBERATOR

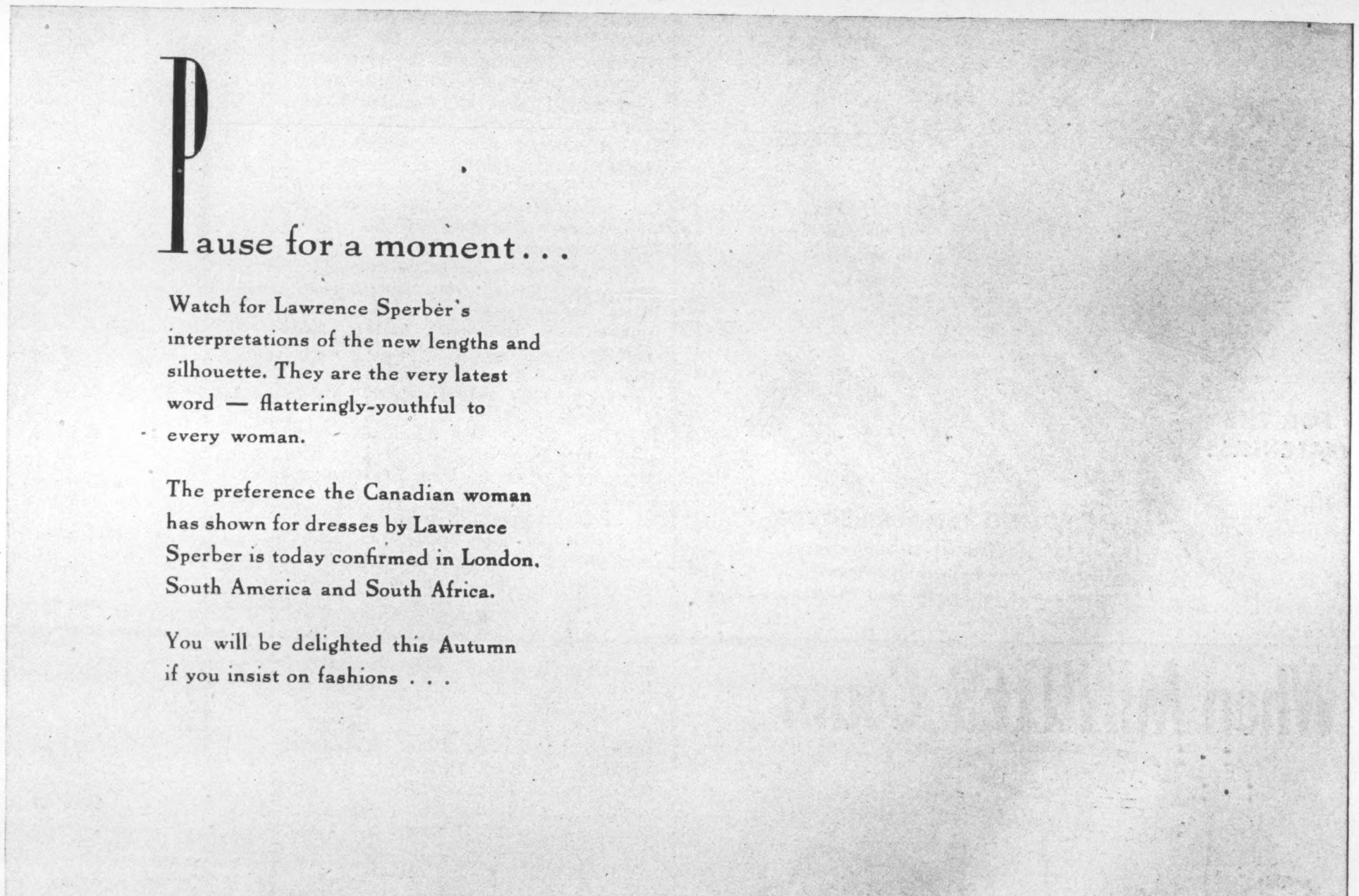
THERE was a time, the despatches tell,
Oh, ever so many years ago,
(In twenty-one, if you *have* to know)
When the British Empire almost fell.
But Nicholas Murray Butler rose
And hollered, "Brothers, this must not be.
Pray hold your horses and listen to me
Lest half of the world should come to blows.

"Is Australia kicking, New Zealand sore,
Is Canada champing on the bit?
I am not disturbed from where I sit,
That kind of talk I have heard before.
And the remedy is as plain as day,
The Empire, sure, will return to health
If you change the name to a Commonwealth,
And carry-on in the same old way.

"I know that you never interfere
With anything the Dominions do,
I know that the Governors never woo
The grousers, crowing like chanticler,
But the name of Empire curdles oft
The blood of an independent man,
And so I beg of you take my plan.
You can change the name without going soft."

So he "buttled" here and he "buttled" there
Till the Statute of Westminster came to be.
All praise to Nick who has made us free
And lightened our national load of care!
And now that we rest 'neath Liberty's law,
And roses blossom on every cheek,
We hope the hero will take a peek
At the colored people of Georgia.

J. E. M.



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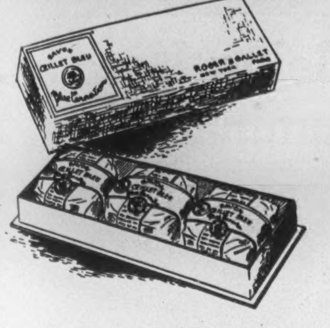

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REOPENS SEPTEMBER 10th

THE OTHER PAGE

Dampened Ardor

By MARGARET MACKLIN

THEY were young and in love, and they dreamed the dream of youth. Side by side, they sat on the bench in a secluded section of the park. Her purse lay on the bench between them. Casually she picked it up, fingered it and laid it down again —on the opposite side. Just as casually he uncrossed his legs, shifted his long weight and recrossed his legs. The space between them had vanished. As the lamps across the city stuttered, one by one, into light, their hands touched, drew apart and clasped in the firm, warm grip of happiness.

Holding her hand gave him confidence for what he had to do. He had held hands with girls before, he had even kissed a few, but never before had he sat on a park bench about to ask a girl to marry him. Because he was young, he was afraid with the blind unreasoning fear of a child. The girl gave his hand a tiny squeeze. He cleared his throat and began to talk. He was proud of his voice, so deep and manly, and so very new.

He told her that he loved her, not in the flowery phrases of a Hollywood extravaganza, but simply—like a confession. He told her of the plans he had for the future, the dreams and hopes that together they would build into a reality.

And yet she did not speak.

His talk became faster as if he were afraid to stop—afraid to hear her answer. Once his new, deep voice slid up an octave, but he controlled it. The desire grew within him to make her laugh. If he could do that then the tension inside her would ease.

"I have nothing to offer you but love, and youth, and ideas." Suddenly he knew how he could make her laugh. "All of my ideas are million-dollar ones. In ten years I'll be the richest man in Canada." He paused, turned her hand over in his and toyed with the slender fingers. Then he burst out, "Have you ever seen a house with a round front lawn? Neither has anybody else. And yet every lawn sprinkler you see is round. I'm going to invent one that is square so you don't have to move it to water the corners of the grass. That's how I'm going to make a million."

The laugh on his lips was choked back when he saw that her face was quite sober. He had failed. Because he had not made her laugh, she must be still frightened and all mixed up inside. Now she would withdraw her hand and he would take her home. He opened his mouth to speak to her, but she turned to him, her eyes wide and innocent.

"I like your idea," she said, "but why not make a somewhat smaller model, as well, for watering window-boxes?"

And suddenly the park rang with the happy laughter of a boy and a girl in love.

• •

HUGE DEPARTMENT STORES

By MARGARET STACKHOUSE

THE path to Heaven winds for me
Through huge department stores,
Where zephyrs, water-washed and cool,
And pattern'd marble floors,
Point up the crystal diamondry
Of glass-framed burnished doors.

A golden cage, blue leatherlined,
Mounts on its cabled cord,
Where servant, calm and uniformed,
Transports the eager horde;—
Like Heaven, this richest luxury
The pauper can afford.

Across an aisle, thick carpeted,
My eager steps are sped,
Where showrooms of exquisite taste,
Their tranquil aura shed
On Chippendale, and Hepplewhite,
Or Louis Fourteenth bed.

HERE are no portraits drawn by smeary hands,
Upon the dainty, flower-patterned wall;
No muddied feet, with gay abandon, romp
Across that satin puff to find a ball;
Never black runnels, dripp'd from waving arm,
Upon the chasteness of that lounge will fall.

No cat will catch the curtains when a breeze
Drags the starch'd ruffle o'er a smoke-black'd sill;
Houseflies, black beetles, silverfish, and mice,
Offer'd no contest to that planner's skill;
Immune from life, these placid showrooms rest,
Perfect, serene, emotionless, and still.

Yes, this is Heaven. Ne'er has pale pink phone
Molested been by busy butcher's voice,
Subscription salesmen, canvassers, old friends,
Or henchmen speaking for the people's choice.
Unmarred by dust, or mortal's questing hands,
Art, in its pastel pallor, doth rejoice.

Turn back that pure white, silksoft linen sheet,
Smooth out the covers on the pillow'd down,
Fling wide the window, and I'll lay me down
Where the dusk's windspangled, star-edged gown,
Covers each soft dream with a chiffon pall,
Hides, on my sleeping brow, the tearwet frown.

• •

FAGGOTS

AS A man on a cold night will lean
And poke the sullen fire,
Endeavoring to coax some warmth
And brightness from that pyre,
So do I lean and warm my soul
At beauty's broad, bright hearth
Kindled by a flower's quiet hands,
A wild bird's quenchless mirth.
Slowly but surely dark enfolds
The dreaming heart and mind.
But there are always coals of light
The watchful man can find;
Small faggots stored with prudent care
Against the sharp frosts of despair.

PAULINE HAVARD

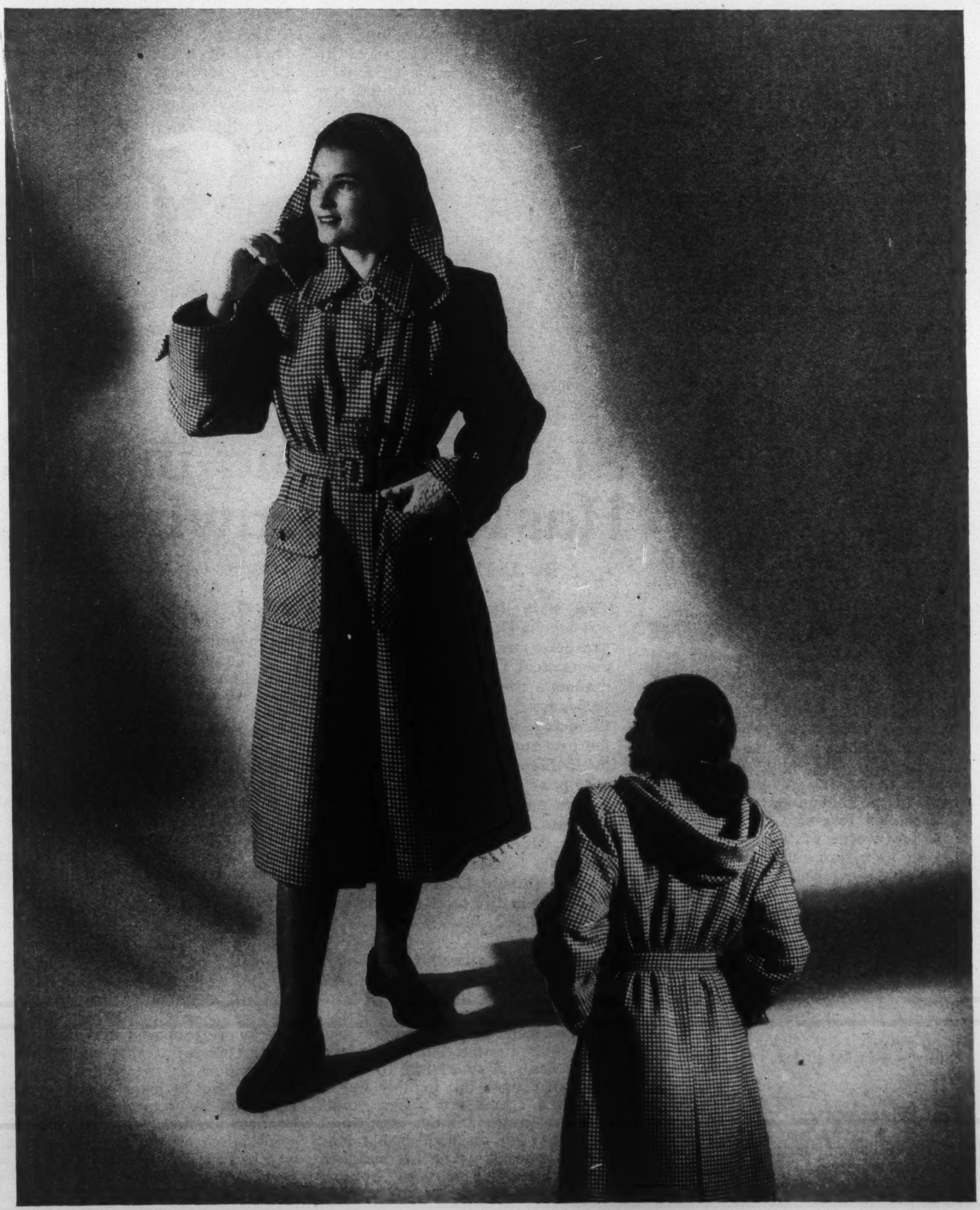
• •

ON BLINDNESS

BLINDNESS is something that goes with winter,
Not spring.
Feeling your way through life with a painted stick
Is a bitter thing.

Especially when flowers are flecking
An otherwise ugly street,
It's bitter to go with your eyes
In a cane and your feet.

BARBARA DAY



Campus Burnouse . . . *hooded in warmth and fashion . . . up to its ears in wool and dates. Dashes off with our vote as most likely to succeed as a campus charmer while hoodwinking the frost and snows. Checked in houndstooth and majoring in style . . . typical of the designs in College Toggery at* EATON'S

Britain's Cheap-Money Policy Loses Magic

By JOHN L. MARSTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London.

After the amazing resistance of Britain's industrial shares to the fuel crisis last spring, the country's growing realization of the gravity of the present situation has been reflected in the down trends which have prevailed on the London Stock Exchange for the last few months, says Mr. Marston.

The bull market which existed from 1940 until the beginning of this year was based mainly on a "cheap-money" policy, but there is no magic in this formula any more. There are indications that the Treasury has resigned itself to a rise in the rate of interest on gilt-edged securities to three per cent, to induce investors back into the market.

London.

VALUES on the London Stock Exchange, after a partial recovery until 1936 from the phenomenal depression of 1931-32, fell back roughly to the depression levels in the critical wartime period of 1940. Thereafter, with only minor interruptions, they moved on a bull trend for seven years.

That is the rough picture; there is no exact pattern for all markets. Government bonds, under the influence of renewed cheap-money pressure, began to rise almost as soon as war broke out. Gold shares, on the other hand, have never seriously recovered since their decline began in 1937, though for four years until last autumn they were above the war-crisis level.

After the postwar boom of the summer of 1946 the bears came out into the open. They were months too soon, and they got themselves badly hurt just after Christmas. Nevertheless, they made an impression; and when the fuel crisis broke on the markets in February the bears seemed to be vindicated. However, by some miracle of resistance, industrial ordinary shares not only survived the onslaught of the crisis but in the spring fought their way back to the mid-January peaks, and appreciably exceeded them.

A few weeks of uneasy rises followed; then recognition of the enormity of the overseas payments problem and doubt as to the country's capacity to meet it set the markets on a downward course from which they have made little attempt to recover. There may be no final collapse, as in the "great depression" of the war, but there is little doubt that this is a primary, not as hitherto a secondary, recession. Almost certainly, the long bull market has ended.

Final Recovery

Over all that period of rise the markets' foundation was the cheap-money policy heralded by Neville Chamberlain with the War Loan conversion of 1932, which marked the final recovery from the depression.

In the few years before the war the trend seemed to be reversed; but cheap-money policy was greatly strengthened by the needs of war, and from the first few weeks almost without interruption until the fuel crisis this year the "institutional" and smaller savers had to be content with a steadily diminishing return on new investment. Proportionately, they enjoyed an appreciation of their capital, or a good tax-free income from short-term operations, of almost unfailing regularity in recent years.

After Mr. Dalton took charge of the Treasury and announced that the wartime policy was to be pressed home in the peace, it seemed that he had only to raise an eyebrow to stimulate new buoyancy in the market.

Mr. Dalton has lately been making a few routine pronouncements about his firm adherence to the policy of cheap-money. The market looks up for a moment, then proceeds on its downward course unheeding. There is no more magic in Mr. Dalton, and there is no more life in his treasured gilt-edged market. There are no quick profits for the professionals, the "institutions" have rebelled against excessively modest returns on newly-invested funds, and the small man, faced with the loss of years of interest in a few weeks, is anxious to get out of the market and put his small savings in the Post Office.

So the position appears in this rather protracted period of the "snake-out." It is not, however, impossible that the Treasury, which has aroused great criticism for the inflationary effects of its policy of support (and support there used to be unstintingly whenever the market sagged), has resigned itself to a rise in the rate of interest, say to 3 per cent, from the 2½ per cent which Mr. Dalton was evidently prepared to accept when he found resistance too strong for an advance to 2 per cent. Sustained support at the 3 per cent levels could re-establish stability and induce genuine investment back into the market.

In any event, the wind has been shaken out of the sails of industrial securities. Their yields were down, in "blue chip" cases, to little more than 3 per cent, even without allowing much for prospective higher payments, although on the whole the steady rise in dividends has largely cancelled out the effect on yields of the rise in values.

It is not now difficult to get a yield of 4 per cent with security sufficient for normal purposes. Not only is the interest-rate factor, the search for alternatives to the low yields offered in the gilt-edged market, much weaker now than formerly: there are also doubts about the trend of profits, and the policy in making distributions even though profits are maintained.

Ignoring Facts

The fact that fewer goods, necessitated by the desperate problem of paying for imports, would normally have inflationary implications, is practically ignored. So is the related fact that satiation of the sellers' market at home has been deferred for years.

The London Stock Exchange is far more than a market for buying and selling securities. It is a barometer, the most sensitive barometer, of London's—and, for that matter, Britain's—morale. Far more than abstract questions of interest-rates, the price level, and the profit trend, is involved in the market's setback. The hope that flowered in the first year of peace (albeit in imperfect surroundings) wilted badly in the fuel crisis. It is now almost extinct.

State Housing in N. Z. Has Many Drawbacks

By JAMES BROWNE

The state low - cost housing scheme in New Zealand gave a prosperous surface appearance of economical construction and moderate rents. But actually inflationary methods in state financing were responsible for the rosy surface. Actually, owing to inefficient methods of state enterprise, the costs of state houses and the consequent rentals were above those of private homes. New Zealand has found that state houses are in substitution of private houses and not additions to the total number of houses.

DURING the regime of the Labor Government in New Zealand, over 20,000 state houses have been erected, this number being slightly under one-third of the total of new houses built in that period. Judged by New Zealand standards, the state houses are well up to the mark, though the rooms are rather small for the average family man, and there has been an undesirable tendency to concentrate on the building of one and two-bedroom houses, which are suitable for small families only.

The cost of each house ranges up to $5,000 or $6,000, but the rents have been pegged at 1939 levels and the deficiency is made good by the general taxpayer. The deficiency last year was $45,000, but it would have been at least ten times that amount if the state housing scheme was obliged to bear interest costs at normal levels, as will be explained further on in this article.

It has been estimated, by a Canadian resident in this country, that the typical Canadian house requires up to three times the quantity of lumber and other materials utilized for house building in New Zealand. To mention but one specific instance, no state house in New Zealand has central heating, and only those built on steep hill sides have a cellar or basement; but, apart from that, houses in New Zealand are flimsy compared with Canadian houses. This point must be borne in mind when comparing relative costs and rents.

When the Labor Government came into office in 1935, many of the members of the party had become converts to a monetary theory akin to that preached by Major Douglas. They were prepared to follow Douglas to this point: that capital works undertaken by the State should be financed not by loans raised from the public, or by taxation, but by inflationary methods. One of the first steps taken by the new Government was to socialize the Reserve Bank of New Zealand, which was obliged to churn out, for the Government, paper money required to finance its schemes. This was called "use of public credit", and there is no doubt that the policy was acceptable to the public, most of whom were mystified, as the public usually is, by Labor's eulogistic comments about the benefit of "borrowing from ourselves, paying back to ourselves, and even making a profit on the deal." The effect on the general price and level and overseas funds was not understood, despite warnings by the Governor of the Reserve Bank—formerly an employee of the Bank of England—and other financial authorities.

One of the schemes financed by inflationary methods was state housing, and herein is the explana-

(Continued on Next Page)

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

The Business Angle, which customarily appears in this space, will be resumed on Mr. Richards' return from vacation.

Paintings Now Being Used as Means of Illumination

Many new ideas for interior lighting are being tried out in New York. The one illustrated here is particularly suitable for restaurants, theatres, but, if desired, could also be used for the home. Based on the "light-piping" property of plexiglass, a transparent, refractive plastic, the . . .

. . . principle is simple. Light introduced at the edge of a plexiglass sheet will travel indefinitely within the material until it reaches a design engraved or painted on the plastic; the design then becomes luminous and releases light into the room. Top picture shows a mural based on an old engraving of the Manhattan Purchase glowing with vari-colored . . .

. . . luminosity against the black. Centre, three panels mounted in a single frame; design engraved on the plastic is lighted by a pale orange glow applied at the edge of each panel. Lower picture gives a close-up of a single design. Each mural is individually mounted in a shadow box.

(Continued from Page 26)

tion as to why rents of state houses in New Zealand are so low compared with the rents of private homes.

Originally, loan capital employed for the building of state houses bore interest at 3½ per cent, which was only slightly under the normal bank overdraft rate. This was in 1937. Owing to the usual inefficient methods of state enterprise, the costs of state houses, and consequently rentals, were above those of private homes. Nevertheless, as the demand for housing rose, as an accompaniment to the gradual return to prosperity, the Housing Account was able to show a small profit ($800) in 1939. But it was evident that state housing could not compete with private housing while rents were based on an interest rate of 3½ per cent; and, in 1939, the rate of interest on loan capital was reduced to 1 per cent on the first $15 million; 2 per cent on the second $15 million; and 3 per cent on the balance.

Nevertheless, for the year ended March 1940 there was a loss of $7,600, notwithstanding the fact that such favorable interest rates were previously unknown in the history of the country. Meantime, of course, the method of finance—inflation—had had its effect. Prices, including the cost of building, had risen to a serious extent; and imports had been stimulated, by the accretions to the volume of money arising from abnormal Government expenditure of what has since been dubbed "funny money." The country's sterling balances, which had stood at $108 million in 1935, had shrunk to less than $20 million. In December 1938, shortly after the General Elections in that year, import and exchange controls had been imposed on the people; and these remain today.

The Printing Press

"The financial debacle in 1938," said the Governor of the Reserve Bank, Mr. L. Lefeaux, "was caused by the adoption of a fundamentally unsound policy. I refer to the state housing scheme and public works, etc., financed by means of the Reserve Bank, which was really the same as turning on the printing press for the same purpose."

Mr. Lefeaux, incidentally, is now back in England, his connection with the Reserve Bank having been severed some years ago. Labor Governments do not like employees who criticize their policy, even when such criticism is in the public interest.

To follow the course of "funny money" finance: publication of the loss incurred by the State Housing Account in 1940 drew public attention to the scheme. It was asked why the general taxpayer should subsidize the rents of state tenants, most of whom were not low-wage earners at all, but salaried people in comfortable positions, these having received preference in applications for tenancies. There was no need then, nor is there any need now, for the state to build a single house, apart from those required for its own employees who are subject to transfer. State houses were, and are, in substitution of private houses, not additions to the total number of houses. Building materials during the war years, and today, are in such short supply that every ounce could be utilized by private enterprise, without any state interference in housing whatever.

The Government, concerned with the criticism of losses, did not raise rents to an economic level, or build at lower costs by more efficient methods. It adopted the same plan as in the past, and reduced interest rates on "funny money" loan capital to 1 per cent for the first $15 million, and 1½ per cent for the balance—this when finance for private home buildings was available only at from 4 to 5 per cent. The financial results for the ensuing years were profits, as could well be expected: $30,000 in 1941, $57,000 in 1942, $18,500 in 1943, $27,000 in 1944, and $63,000 in 1945. Everything in the garden was rosy, except that costs, propelled upwards by continued inflation, were ominously high. It was no surprise to find that, for the year ended March 1946, the State Housing Account suffered a loss of $57,000.

This was in election year, and something had to be done quickly. Therefore, as from January 1946, interest rates were reduced to 1 per cent, at which figure it stands today. The Housing Accounts for 1947 have not yet been published, but it will not be surprising if they show a profit.

State tenants are a privileged class. They obtain good homes at uneconomic rentals, at the expense of the general public. In so far as many state tenants are returned servicemen, nobody begrudges them their good fortune; but the New Zealander finds it hard to see why thousands of other people in comfortable jobs, with no special qualifications for benefits at the expense of the public, should be specially favored in this way. One of the state tenants, for example, is a Minister of the Crown, who receives $600 annually from the general taxpayer for house allowance, but whose state house costs him less than half that sum. Other state tenants are in receipt of incomes ranging up to $3,000, and their rents are subsidized by wage earners whose normal income is less than $1,000. If this can be described as equitable, then words have lost their meaning.

Ratepayers in New Zealand have a special grouch against the state housing scheme. Owners of land must pay rates on property, whether there are buildings on the property or not. Similarly, when they desire to erect a building, fairly heavy fees are payable for building permits issued by the local authorities. Such rates and fees, of course, are used to finance public services, such as street improvements, etc. Everybody has to contribute his share, and rates and fees are a heavy burden on private house owners. But the state, when it buys land for state housing, pays only a small portion of the rate bill—"special" rates, in respect of loans, but no general rates—and only a portion of the fee for building permits. The deficiency is made good by owners of private properties.

After the state house has been built, and it is occupied, the state pays full rates; but as some state houses take up to two years and more to build, the loss in rates is substantial.

But, anyhow, what good Socialist cares a hang for the interests of private people? It is an old saw that "Fools build houses for wise men to live in." If it was not the case—and unfortunately it is—that one has to wait up to five years to get a state house, there would be few private homes built in New Zealand.

NEWS OF THE MINES

Kerr-Addison Soon to Rank With Canada's Largest Gold Mines

By JOHN M. GRANT

OF PARTICULAR interest in the current expansion program of Canada's present gold producers is Kerr-Addison Gold Mines—nine year old producer in the Larder Lake area of Ontario—where completion of doubling of mill capacity to 4,000 tons daily is expected by the end of next year and which should rank it among the largest in the Dominion. A 3,000-ton milling rate is likely to be reached about the middle of 1948 with the ultimate goal attained by the end of the year. The increase in capacity to 4,000 tons a day was estimated to cost $4,000,000, when first planned although estimates now exceed $5,000,000. The present tonnage is around 2,200 tons a day. The cost of the expansion is being met out of accumulated cash and current profits as the directors were opposed to reorganizing the capital structure or borrowing the money from the bank. With this in view the dividend was reduced this year to three cents every two months from

(Continued on Page 31)

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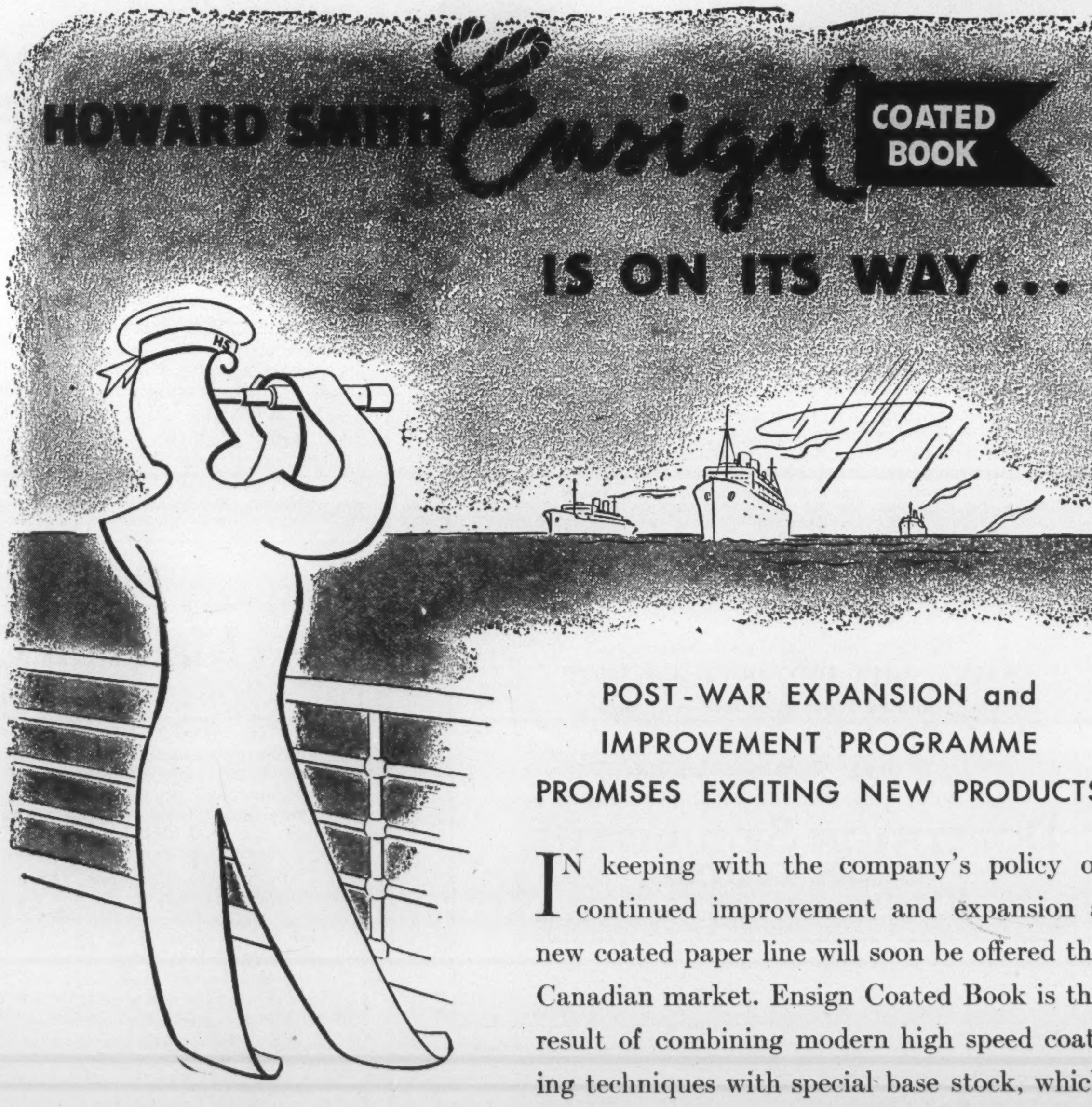

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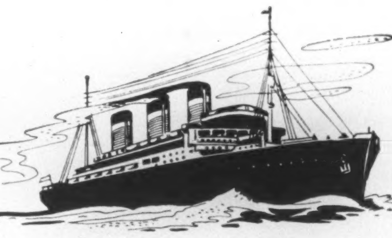

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By Order of the Board.

Frank Hay, Secretary.

Toronto, August 7, 1947.

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GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

D.P.J., Sudbury, Ont. — INTERNATIONAL UTILITIES CORP. and its Canadian subsidiaries for the twelve months ended June 30, 1947, had net income of $1,205,703, or $1.53 a share which compares with $1,059,606, or $1.35 a share, in the preceding 12-month period. In addition, a net profit of $767,813 on sale of securities and other capital assets was realized against $451,478 realized in the similar period of the previous year. Plans are in progress to offset the loss of electric revenues previously obtained in Saskatchewan, and intensive development of Alberta electric properties will, it is expected, compensate for the loss of the Saskatchewan revenues and establish a more thoroughly integrated electric system.

M.R.M., Fort Erie, Ont.—According to the annual report of KAMLAC GOLD MINES, there were no important results secured from the diamond drilling carried out in 1946 on the company's Yellowknife properties, by Consolidated Mining & Smelting Co. Under the terms of the option agreement, I understand, Smelters formed Kamcon Mines to take over the operations. Smelters did not budget to carry out further work on Kamcon this year, but, I believe, consideration is now being given to resume work. As of April 30, 1947, Kamlac had close to $1,000 in cash and accounts payable of $300.

R.B.T., Victoria, B.C.—It was announced last month that DICKENSON RED LAKE MINES had arranged partial financing through Brewis & White Ltd., by the sale of $350,000 of the company's five per cent bonds, with a bonus of 35,000 treasury shares for a net sum to the treasury of $316,750. An option for 12 months was also granted to Brewis & White Ltd., on 50,000 shares of treasury stock at $2 per share. I understand J. M. Brewis and A. W. White, have each personally subscribed to and paid for $100,000 of bonds and 10,000 shares, in order to make the underwriting possible. A. W. White, who is president and treasurer of the company, points out that this financing is of a temporary nature and that as soon as ore estimates are available it will be necessary to arrange financing of a more permanent type. If, as anticipated, a substantial orebody is developed, he states, the company may approach a chartered bank to finance its mill requirements. This course, however, while of great advantage in conserving the share position of the company, will of necessity entail the chartered bank being the company's sole creditor. On the other hand it is possible the shareholders will be offered bonds carrying a bonus of common shares on the understanding that any bonds not subscribed to and paid for by shareholders would be firmly underwritten.

R.E.C., Prescott, Ont. — With sales at a record high, net earnings of A. J. FREIMAN LTD. last year rose to $280,294 from $173,594 in 1945. Earned surplus of $957,870, giving effect to various adjustments and payment of $175,596 in dividends was moderately below $991,231 at the end of 1945. Net working capital of $1,193,155 at Dec. 31, 1946, compares with $1,425,989 at Dec. 31, 1945. Current assets totalled $2,836,205 and current liabilities $1,643,050. Fixed assets of $2,408,067, before depreciation of $845,490 are up from $2,058,879. During 1946 dividends in arrears of $118,408 on the preferred shares were paid off and the outstanding 6 per cent preferred shares were replaced by a 4½ per cent preferred issue.

H.L.R., Philadelphia, Pa.—It is probable that the recent (sixth) liquidating dividend of five cents per share will be the final distribution of the assets of TREADWELL YUKON CORPORATION LTD. The dividend is the first cash distribution made in four years and consists of a total amount of $74,629. With the last payment of five cents there has been distributed 45 cents per share in cash, while the fifth distribution, made last September, was in Keno Hill Mining Co. stock valued at 15.27 cents per share. The company finally disposed of the Tybo (Nevada) property for a total of $3,750 and thus reduced to cash the last of the remaining physical assets of Treadwell Yukon. At the end of 1946 the company had a cash balance of $85,347. I understand sufficient funds must be retained to cover the expenses that will be involved in the final winding up of all affairs. If shareholders wish to expedite the liquidation they should forward their stock certificates to the board of trustees without further delay. A number of shareholders are said not to have sent in their stock certificates or deposit receipts.

C.J.F., Huntsville, Ont.—I am informed that DARMAC GOLD MINES has extended its Kirkland Lake property to 24 claims by purchase and staking. The property is located in the southeast portion of Lebel township. James D. MacGregor, president, advises that further diamond drilling

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

Maintain Cash Reserves

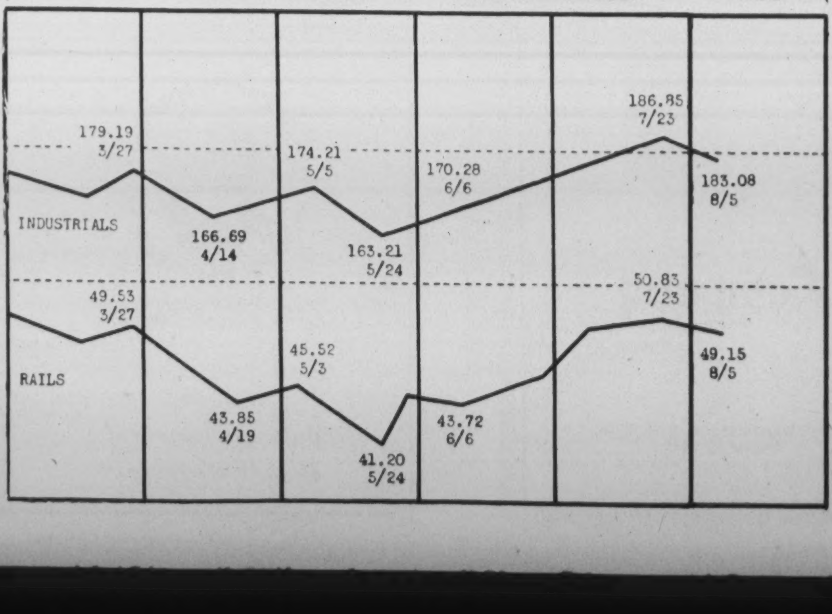
BY HARUSPEX

THE LONG-TERM NEW YORK STOCK MARKET TREND (which dominates Canadian prices): While the decline of the last half of last year went some distance toward discounting maladjustments in the economic picture, evidence is lacking that a point of fundamental turnabout has yet been reached. Intermediate recovery has been under way over the past two months with no indications that the peak to the movement has yet been attained.

The intermediate background, as pointed out herein since May, is conducive to stock market recovery. Such recoveries are subject to occasional minor check, one of which has been witnessed over the past two or three weeks. This minor setback has been characterized by gradually diminishing volumes. Barring a further adverse turn in the British political situation—which is the most acute threat overhanging the immediate news picture—it would seem about time for resumption of the intermediate recovery movement. Whether soon, as seems likely, or following additional minor setback, a new assault at the July highs is in order with probabilities favoring higher levels.

As concerns the market's primary or long-term direction, we regard the current intermediate upmovement as an interruption or counterswing in a downward trend. While we do not see any evidence that the upmove has yet attained a maximum point, we would, nevertheless, counsel continuation of stock positions at a conservative position or, stated otherwise, maintenance of cash reserves for the time being.

DOW-JONES STOCK AVERAGES



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is planned for this summer. Three holes totalling 2,000 feet were put down last year. Hole No. 2 gave $3.50 over five feet, $12.60 over six feet and $8.75 over four feet, with other lower values over a core length of some 102 feet. Hole No. 3 is believed not to have reached the objective, with the best value in this hole being $3.50 over six feet.

S.H.R., Ottawa, Ont. — The three companies associated with ST. LAWRENCE CORP. reported higher gross earnings for the first half of 1947 than for the same period last year. BROMPTON PULP & PAPER CO. LTD. listed gross of $1,681,450 for the half-year ended June 30, as compared with $662,775 in the first half of 1946. Deductions for interest, depreciation, depletion and reserve for taxes left a balance of $672,651 available for dividends, equivalent to $2.24 per share. Out of these earnings, $150,000 was disbursed in dividends, leaving a balance of $522,651 for the half year. Net working capital increased from $2,420,680 as of Dec. 31, 1946, to $3,048,402 as of the end of June. Gross earnings of ST. LAWRENCE PAPER MILLS CO. LTD. for the first half were $1,980,053, compared with $1,038,185 for the six-month period of last year. To this must be added dividends of $108,000 received from the company's holdings of preferred stock of Lake St. John Power and Paper, and $367,000 dividends from its holdings of that company's common stock. This increased revenues of the company to $2,347,053. After depreciation, and estimated taxes, net earnings amounted to $1,287,053 equivalent to $10.30 a share on the outstanding preferred stock. After preferred dividends of $686,862, including $3 a share on account of arrears, there remained a surplus of $600,191. Net working capital as of June 30, 1947, was shown at $5,947,871, as compared with $4,948,028 at the end of 1946. For the period LAKE ST. JOHN POWER AND PAPER CO. had gross of $1,845,740, against $1,117,890 in the first half of last year. Bond and debenture interest, depreciation and depletion, and estimated taxes absorbed $1,040,185, leaving balance available for dividends of $805,555, equal to $44.75 per share on preferred, and to $6.97 a share on the common stock. In the six-month period, the full 6 per cent preferred dividend for the year of $108,000 was paid, and $300,000 was distributed on the common, after which there remained a surplus of $397,556 for the half year. Net working capital increased from $3,238,778 at Dec. 31, 1946, to $3,600,438 at June 30, 1947.

L.J.K., Gananoque, Ont. — Until financing conditions improve it will be necessary for MENTOR EXPLORATION & DEVELOPMENT COMPANY, LTD., to cut down its activities. Denison Denny, president, in the company's annual report for 1946, points out that due to general deterioration in markets and abrupt cessation in mine financing, extensive exploration programs carried out on some of the operations in which it is interested had almost ceased by year end. The early drilling on Destorbelle Mines Ltd. property looked promising but later was disappointing. It is considered that the new interests acquired in Destorbelle, Aiguebelle Goldfields Ltd., Bassique Mines Ltd. and Bruell Consolidated Mines Ltd.; give the company representation in several favorable mining areas now under development and when financing becomes easier it is felt several of these properties will be able to resume exploration. In the meantime, Mentor is continuing with some prospecting as well as preliminary exploration of certain claim interests that it holds. Mr. Denny states that Mentor's participation in the Manitoulin Quartzite operation should soon provide earnings for the company. The company reports current assets of $29,615 against current liabilities of $31,631. Investments, after deducting reserve, are listed at $51,744 (approximate market value $49,600). Investment in and advances to associated and other companies $114,159.

W.O.C. Weyburn, Sask.—You have been correctly informed in that NIB YELLOWKNIFE MINES, LIMITED, has entered the oil field. It has, I learned, purchased a 40 per cent interest in an oil and gas lease covering some 800 acres, located about four miles southeast of the town of Leduc. I understand the lease will be operated by New Ranchman's Oil Company, which holds a 20 per cent interest, the remaining interest being held by an independent oil operator.

E.W.J., Tucson, Arizona — Yes, CYPRUS MINES LTD. is active. A diamond drilling program has been proceeding during the past year in an endeavor to locate ore deposits, but as yet I have heard of no success. A geological survey of the property was made some time ago and at last report this was being studied. The company owns a large acreage, adjoining east and south of Macdonald Mines, in Dufresnoy township, north Rouyn district, Quebec. The balance sheet as of December 31, 1946, showed current assets of $49,085 and current liabilities totalling $3,646. Of the authorized capitalization of 3,500,000 shares 2,118,994 are issued.

The Stock Appraiser

By W. GRANT THOMSON

SUCCESSFUL investment depends on knowing two things: (1) What to buy (or sell) (2) When to buy (or sell). The Stock Appraiser—a study of Canadian stock habits—answers the first question. An Investment Formula provides a definite plan for the second.

All active and well distributed stocks (with a few minor exceptions) advance or decline with the Averages. The better grade investment stocks do not normally move as fast as the averages, while on the other hand the very speculative issues have a relative velocity more than twice or three times as great.

The STOCK APPRAISER divides stocks into three Groups according to their normal velocity in relation to the Averages.

The Factors affecting the longer term movements of a company's shares are ascertained from a study of their normal habits. Predominant Factors are shown as:

GROUP "A"—Investment Stocks
GROUP "B"—Speculative Investments
GROUP "C"—Speculations

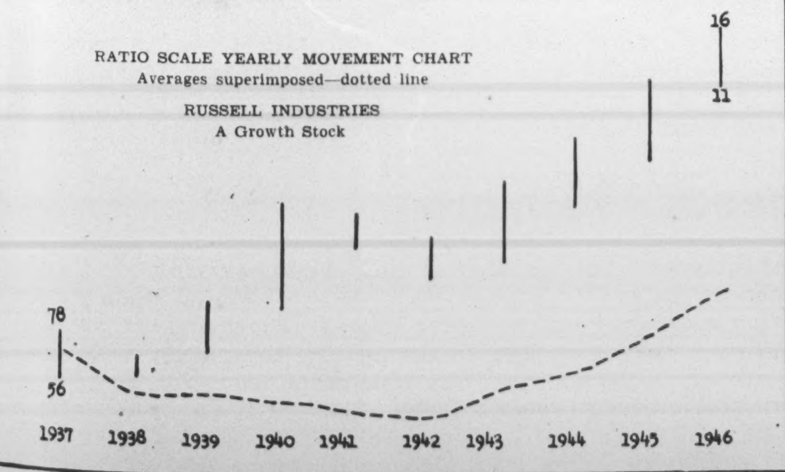
1. FAVORABLE
2. AVERAGE or
3. UNATTRACTIVE

A stock rated as Favorable has considerably more attraction than one with a lower rating, but it is imperative that purchases be made, even of stocks rated Favorable, with due regard to timing because few stocks will go against the trend of the Averages.

The Investment Index is the average yield of all stocks expressed as a percentage of the yield of any stock, thus showing at a glance the relative investment value placed on it by the "bloodless verdict of the market-place."

RUSSELL INDUSTRIES LIMITED

				Averages		Russell	
PRICE 31 July 47	—	$14.50					
YIELD	—	2.7%	Last 1 month	Up	2.8%	Up	9.4%
INVESTMENT INDEX	—	174	Last 12 months	Down	13.3%	Down	1.7%
GROUP	—	"A"	1942-46 range	Up	160.0%	Up	439.5%
RATING	—	Above Average	1946-47 range	Down	23.1%	Down	31.2%



SUMMARY: The ratio scale chart shown above makes allowance for the 10 for 1 split in these shares in 1940 and the 4 for 1 split last year.

Russell Industries affords an excellent example of the profit accruing to the patient shareholder in a successful enterprise. Unfortunately such situations have been all too few in the immediate past, and the future, due to taxation and increasing operational costs, does not offer too many visible opportunities.

Russell Industries is a stock in which Life Insurance Companies may invest; it has had a successful past record; its Investment Index continues to rise; and although even growth stocks reach a peak of opportunity at some time, it would seem prudent that present holders retain their shares, and that those looking for stocks to purchase might consider this one as above average in attraction during periods of recession in the general market.

Review Your Securities

Security holdings of individual investors require regular review to enable them to take advantage of changing financial and business conditions.

Our organization is equipped to provide such service and to suggest revision in investment holdings to provide suitable security and income for individual requirements.

Enquiries invited.

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NTC

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MYW

If you have money . . .

. . . to invest—no matter how large or small may be the amount—and feel the need of prudent advice, we shall be glad to help you. The following is a list of a few of our current investment suggestions.

As principals, we offer:—

	Price*	Yield
Province of British Columbia		
2¾% Sinking Fund Debentures due June 15, 1968	100.50	2.73%
Laurentian Silk Mills Ltd.		
4½% First Mortgage and Collateral Trust Sinking Fund Bonds due February 1, 1967	102.00	4.35%
The Rio de Janeiro Tramway, Light and Power Company, Limited		
5% Mortgage Bonds due April 1, 1958	102.25	4.73%
City of Windsor		
2¾% Debentures due December 31, 1951	98.16	3.20%
The British Rubber Company of Canada Limited		
5% Cumulative Redeemable Sinking Fund Preferred Shares	100.00	5.00%
The Shawinigan Water and Power Company		
4% Cumulative Redeemable Preferred Shares	51.50	3.88%

**The prices mentioned are "and accrued interest" where applicable and subject to confirmation.*

Details of these offerings and their callable features will be promptly given on request.

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ABOUT INSURANCE

Importance of Economic Function of Insurance in Our Way of Life

By GEORGE GILBERT

There is no doubt that insurance is too often measured, even by those in the business, by the amounts paid out in claims under the various types of insurance now on the market. These sums that year by year replace destroyed values are in the aggregate gigantic.

And yet great as these payments are they do not represent net gains to society, though they redistribute commuted values and cushion the shock of individual loss. The greatest service performed by insurance is the removal of uncertainty from the millions of insured who suffered no loss and the millions of creditors whose security is covered by these policies.

IN RECENT years people generally have been taking a good deal more interest in the subject of economics, and even the politicians have been substituting its appeal for that of patriotism. It would appear, however, that too much is being expected of the economist. Many look upon him as a manipulator of forces rather than as a discoverer of truth, and are inclined to condemn him if he does not produce a magic formula to bring about world peace and prosperity.

People generally have also been taking a great deal more interest in the subject of insurance, as witness the tremendous growth in all branches of the business in the past ten years. Many persons are coming to regard the principle of insurance as the best available means of solving our major social problems. In order to put insurance in its proper place in economic activity, it is necessary to have some understanding of the meaning intended to be conveyed by the use of the word "economics."

One authority has defined economics as the fundamental science of business and social life, and has pointed out that the term is meant to describe the body of facts, principles, theories and data of every kind that has to do with the production, distribution and consumption of wealth.

Cornerstone is Exchange

Another authority emphasizes that exchange of goods and services is the very cornerstone of economic activity; that exchange is meaningless without division of labor or specialization; that it is impossible without surplus, that is, capital; and that from this has arisen all the problems which have to do with production, distribution and consumption of wealth.

Risk, and uncertainty in relation to risk, has always been present even in primitive times. It is easy to imagine that even primitive man who first accumulated an excess store of food, for example, must have had doubts whether it was better to take the chance of the loss of the food through the forces of nature or the depredation or stealing of men, or to consume the excess immediately and be certain of present enjoyment but uncertain of future means of subsistence.

History of primitive peoples reveals successive periods of plenty and want, and makes plain the fact that until some means were discovered of overcoming the blighting influence of uncertainty, the increase in wealth, development of specialization, the subduing of the forces of nature was a slow and painful process and one costly to society as a whole. In those times the increase of wealth of one country was due largely to military conquests of others.

Gradually the various forms of risk to which property was exposed became recognized, and certain hazards received special treatment. This usually took the form of a simple transfer of the risk from the weak to the strong, from the exposed to the non-exposed, as, for instance, the transfer of the risk of marine losses from the merchant making the venture to some other individual through the use of bottomry bonds.

Insurance Made Possible

Economic processes were slow, cumbersome and uncertain until, with the establishment of stable government guaranteeing the validity of contracts, protecting the right of the individual in the possession of property, permitting the commutation of service into a medium of exchange, insurance became possible and came on the market, as a basis had been established on which an insurance undertaking, by combining the risk of the individual insured with that of many other similar risks, could carry the risk for a comparatively small consideration, and thus the individual insured could replace the uncertainty of a large loss by the certainty of a small one, that is, by the payment of the insurance premium.

It is significant that the beginning of insurance marked the commencement of modern economic development, and proved the importance of the essential economic function of insurance, which is to promote the accumulation of wealth by removing uncertainty. Of course it is not the function of insurance to remove all kinds of uncertainty. It can only be properly applied to risks which are entirely beyond the control of the individual seeking insurance, which are not the result of variation in exchange value, and which are sufficiently regular in their occurrence to permit their measurement.

There has undoubtedly been disagreement among economists as to the part insurance plays in economic development. Some have regarded it as connected with production, while others have considered it as a phenomenon of consumption. One authority holds that if the old divisions of production, distribution, exchange and consumption are to be maintained, the proper place for the discussion of insurance, at least so far as the insurance of capital is concerned, is in the department of production.

Creation of Security

With respect to the insurance of consumption goods, he admits that the case may not seem so plain at first sight, since there is not the same direct relation between such insurance and the production of industry, but nonetheless he holds that it undoubtedly belongs to the division of production, not because it affects the production of other capital but because the creation of security is in itself a form of production.

Another authority points out that there are two characteristics of the essential function of insurance—the substitution of certainty for uncertainty—that should be emphasized. The first is, that only through insurance can this result be accomplished, while many other institutions which we regard as essential to our economic processes could be eliminated and the same result accomplished by other means. He points out that the daily press could be eliminated and radio substituted, and that railroads could be replaced by motor trucks. But, he holds, the only way the uncertainty of the risk of physical destruction can be removed is by the combination of large groups of similar units so that the variation from the average becomes less and less and because of its measurability can be assumed by the insurance company for the payment of a definite charge.

It is also emphasized that the substitution of a fixed cost for an unknown cost is a characteristic of all forms of real insurance. In fire insurance, for example, a definite fixed charge entitles the individual with an insurable interest to an indemnity equal to the actual physical loss. In life insurance the payment of the premium immediately creates an estate to replace the productive value of the individual should it be destroyed by death.

Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

Can you inform me as to the financial position of the North American Life Assurance Company of Toronto, according to Government figures? How long has this company been in business? I understand it is a mutual company, having been changed from a stock company some years ago. Can you tell me when this change occurred? Are policyholders well protected?

—N.C.L., Vancouver, B.C.

North American Life Assurance Company, with head office at Toronto, commenced business Jan. 10, 1881, and

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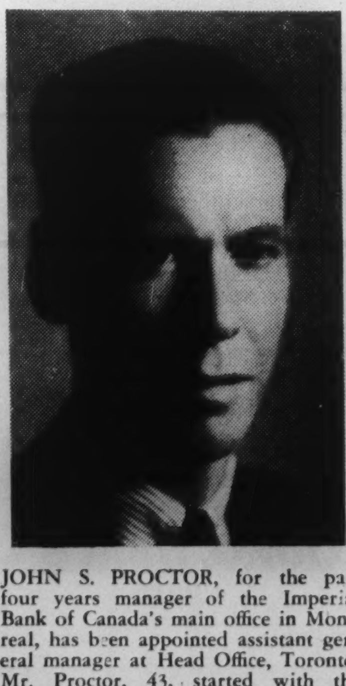
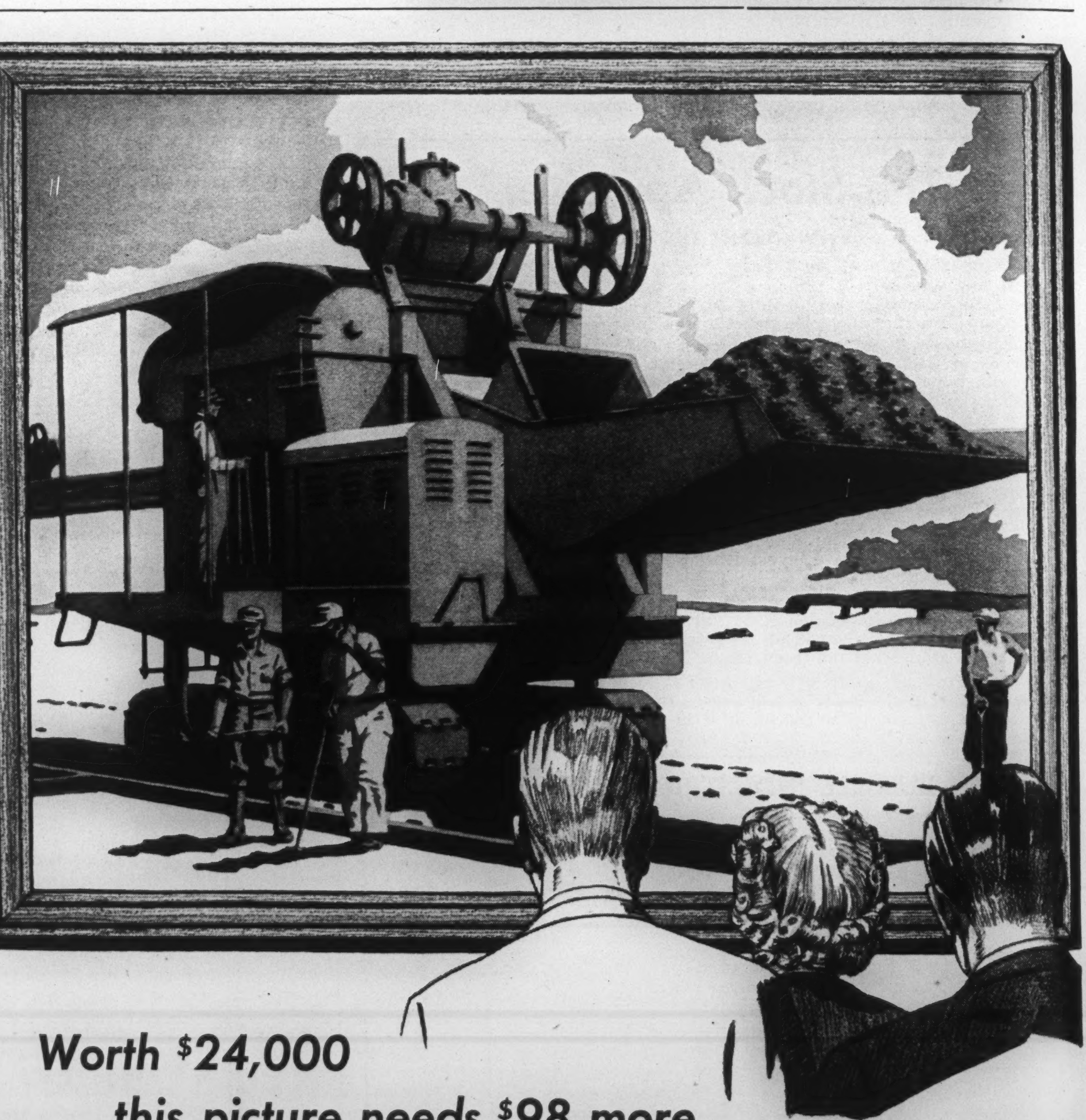


JOHN S. PROCTOR, for the past four years manager of the Imperial Bank of Canada's main office in Montreal, has been appointed assistant general manager at Head Office, Toronto. Mr. Proctor, 43, started with the Imperial Bank 25 years ago in Victoria, B.C. He was for 12 years treasurer, the Canadian Lawn Tennis Association, and is now president, Hillside Tennis Club (Montreal), and a director of the Alouettes Football Club.



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You may not use this sort of equipment, but it affords another shining example of where false economy might be extremely costly.

This efficient, fast, labor-saving road-paver cost well over $24,000—but it couldn't pave a square foot without wire rope. *That's* what is missing in the picture. How much does the missing wire rope cost? Well—ordinary, non-preformed wire rope costs about $79. The best of all wire ropes—TRU·LAY Improved Plow Steel costs about $98.

Be safe. Be sure. If you use wire rope, use the best. Specify TRU·LAY Improved Plow Steel for your next rope. And when you buy a machine—any machine—make certain it is equipped with TRU·LAY. You will like it because it lasts longer. Your workmen will like it because it is easier and safer to handle.

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HANDLES EASIER - LASTS LONGER

it operated with a guarantee fund capital until March 5, 1931, when the guarantee fund was redeemed and it became a mutual company. Latest published Government figures show that its total assets at the end of 1945 were $96,373,530, and that its total liabilities amounted to $93,382,007, showing a surplus of assets over liabilities of $2,991,523. The average rate of interest earned during 1945 on the mean net ledger assets was 3.86 per cent. Its total income in 1945 was $15,747,046, while its total disbursements amounted to $8,685,833, showing an excess of income over disbursements of $7,061,213. At the end of 1945 the amount of its ordinary business in force was $310,209,370, and the net amount of its group business in force was $6,798,280. The company occupies a very strong business and financial position, and policyholders are amply protected.

• •

News of the Mines

(*Continued from Page 27*)

last year's five cents every two months. However, it is possible, despite the increased costs of the present enlargement, that the dividend can be raised within a year. A dividend of three cents per share on the 4,730,301 shares issued, will be paid August 28, which is the fourth similar payment for this year, and will bring the total to $567,636, and grand total since dividends were commenced in 1940 to $10,501,268.

•

The tonnage milled by Kerr-Addison Gold Mines in the second quarter of 1947 reached a new high, 201,614 tons, or an average of 2,215 tons per day, while net earnings of 12.5 cents per share were the highest since the fourth quarter of 1943. Net profit compared with 9.7 cents a share in the first quarter of this year and seven cents in the final three months of 1946. Production for this period was $1,454,353 from the treatment of 201,614 tons of ore for an average recovery of $7.21 per ton, compared with $1,243,859 from 170,154 tons and an average of $7.31 in the first quarter. The daily average mill rate of 2,215 tons, compared with 1,891 tons a day in the first three months and a daily rate of 2,072 tons for all of 1942, which was the company's peak year of production, although the previous year showed the best net profits of 51.87 cents per share.

•

The only noteworthy ore development during the three months ending June 30 at Kerr-Addison Gold Mines was the cutting through No. 10 orebody by the main cross-cut on the 1,750-foot level, states J. Y. Murdoch, president. The intersection averaged 0.275 ounces ($9.62) per ton over a width of 62 feet. The No. 10 is the most north-westerly of Kerr-Addison's orebodies and is considerably wider than on the 1,600-foot horizon, where it only had an average width of just under 9 feet. Grade of the ore zone on the 1,600-foot level was 0.285 ounces for a length of 420 feet. Mr. Murdoch states that progress continues in excavation and foundation work for almost all of the new plant buildings. The working force increased from 515 to 583, but most of the increase was in numbers of construction workers.

•

What may indicate a new orebody located 500 feet north and slightly west of the "A" orebody of Sherritt Gordon Mines, is being explored with two drills at Lynn Lake. Eldon L. Brown, president and managing director, states that this anomaly checks both magnetically and electrically and the axis of the anomaly extends some 400 feet. Diamond drill hole 229 returned four intersections; from 109.5 feet to 127 feet averaged 1.07 per cent nickel and 2.65 per cent copper; from 226.2 feet to 233.7 feet averaged 1.01 per cent nickel and .24 per cent copper; from 312 feet to 338 feet averaged .78 per cent nickel and .30 per cent copper and from 460 feet to 487 feet averaged 1.31 per cent nickel and .48 per cent copper. Diamond drill hole 230, a vertical hole located fifty feet east of hole 229, obtained the following intersections: from 71 feet to 75 feet averaged 1.70 per cent nickel and .47 per cent copper and from 122.6 feet to 142 feet averaged 1.64 per cent nickel and .55 per cent copper. Hole No. 231, located 50 feet to the west of No. 229, returned 1.73 per cent nickel and 1.00 per cent copper from 90 to 122 feet. Part of this intersection, from 95 to 107 feet, averaged 3.38 per cent nickel and .52 per cent copper.

•

Estimated net profit of Macassa Mines for the second quarter of 1947, of $67,613 equal to 2.52 cents per share, brings net for the first six months of the year to $113,341, equal to 4.23 cents per share. This compares with profit of $167,297 or 6.24 cents per share in the like period of last year. Production for the six months amounted to $651,577 from the treatment of 49,718 tons of ore, for an average of $13.10 per ton. In the 1946 period production was $672,939 from 42,663 tons for an average of $15.77. Operating costs equalled $9.53 per ton against $9.78. Production for June was at a much higher rate than the average monthly production or the first six months due to treatment of a higher grade of ore.

•

Net income of $590,050 or 74 cents per share, is reported by McIntyre Porcupine Mines for the three months ending June 30, as compared with $466,817, equal to 58 cents per share, in the like period of 1946. Gross income totalled $1,856,856, as against $1,687,890 in the same period last year. Costs, including development, appropriation for taxes and depreciation, were $1,266,805 as compared with $1,221,073.

•

Shaft sinking at Discovery Yellowknife Mines has been completed to the 250-foot level. Cross-cutting is now underway and headings are scheduled to enter the high grade North Zone at the 250-foot level, and the West Zone on the 125-foot level, by the middle of August. At the same time the intention is to do additional underground diamond drilling to outline the new high grade vein located 74 feet west of the North Zone. This vein was discovered by drilling just prior to resumption of shaft sinking and the vein intersection assayed over $50 across a width of better than three feet. The construction program is stated by J. C. Byrne president, to be well advanced. Building and installations are planned for production requirements with all important camp and plant buildings ready for interior insulation and finishing.

•

Granby Consolidated Mining, Smelting and Power Company Co., Ltd., reports operating profit for the second quarter ending June 30, after deducting reserves for taxes of $22,907, amounted to $164,607. Net profit after deduction of charges to reserves for depletion and depreciation, was $110,504. Net profit in the first quarter of the year was $151,783 and the decline in the second quarter was due largely to the company having mined and shipped a substantial tonnage of low grade ores.

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IN SOME TERRITORIES THROUGHOUT CANADA
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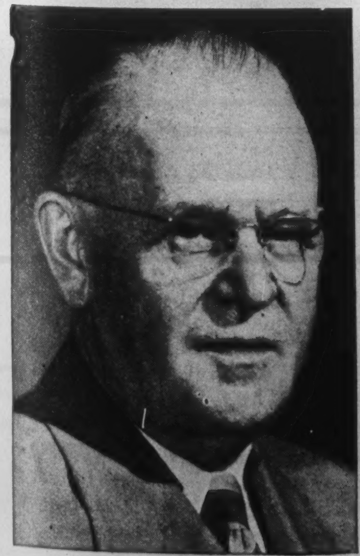
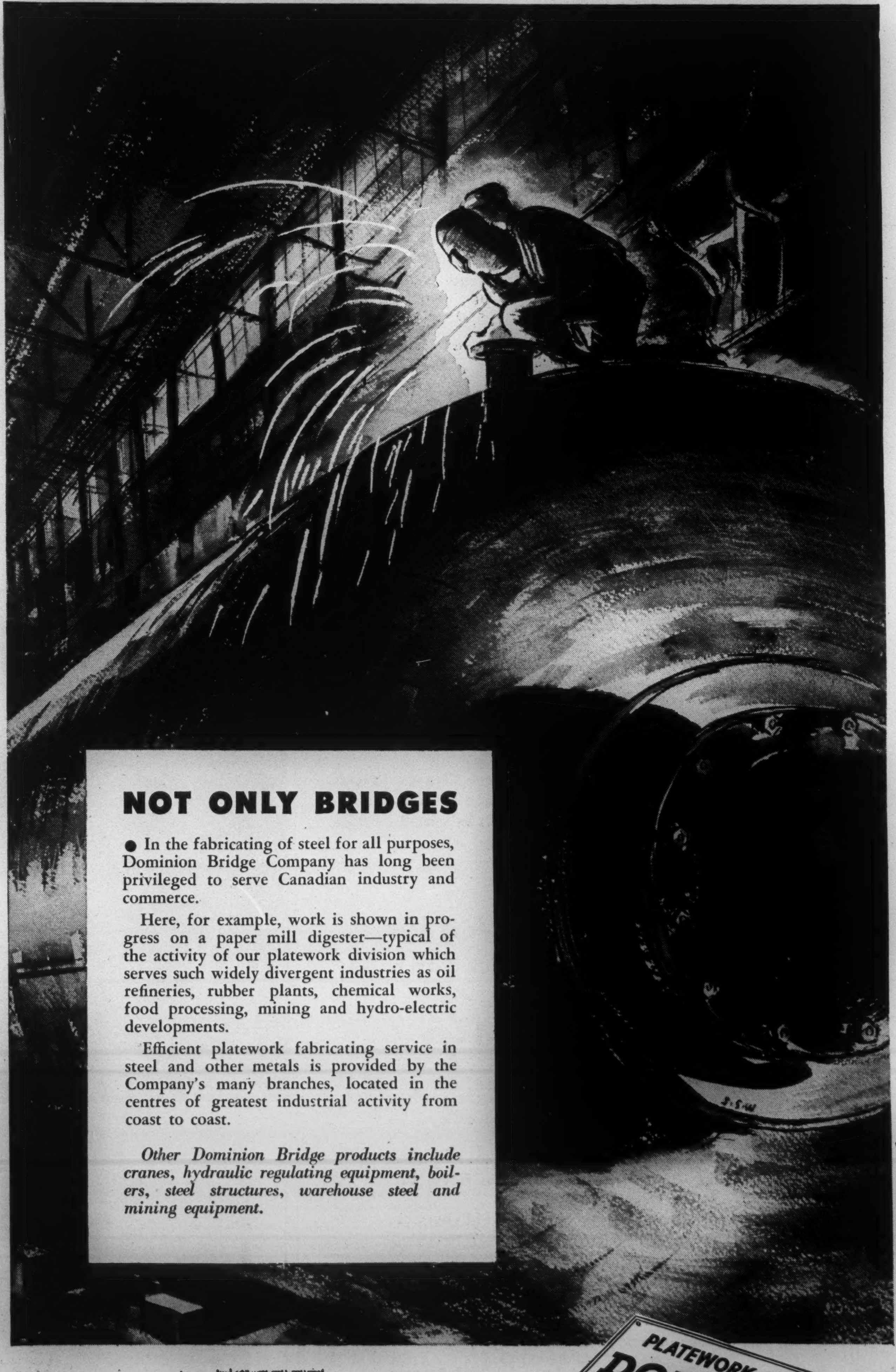


DR. B. H. OLSON J. E. MORRISON

The appointments of B. H. Olson, B.A., M.D., as Medical Director and J. E. Morrison, B.A., F.A.S., F.A.I.A., as Underwriting Executive have been announced by H. W. Manning, Vice-President and Managing Director of The Great-West Life Assurance Company.

Both Dr. Olson and Mr. Morrison have served the Company for many years in progressively responsible positions and bring to the operations of the Underwriting Department a high calibre of professional competence coupled with a broad background of practical experience.



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Here, for example, work is shown in progress on a paper mill digester—typical of the activity of our platework division which serves such widely divergent industries as oil refineries, rubber plants, chemical works, food processing, mining and hydro-electric developments.

Efficient platework fabricating service in steel and other metals is provided by the Company's many branches, located in the centres of greatest industrial activity from coast to coast.

Other Dominion Bridge products include cranes, hydraulic regulating equipment, boilers, steel structures, warehouse steel and mining equipment.

1. BENDING PLATE 2. STRESS-RELIEVING OVEN 3. X-RAY

PLATEWORK DIVISION
DOMINION BRIDGE
COMPANY LIMITED

CLIPPINGS DEPARTMENT

Fergus Sends Swim Team to Coast for Civic Excursion History

(Reprinted from the Fergus, Ont., *News-Record*)

FOR the past twenty-five years or so, we have known Fergus about as intimately as anybody could, having reported and commented on the doings of the town and its surrounding community for all that time. And yet, Fergus continues to do things that surprise us.

Latest of these surprises is the excursion to Victoria, B.C. The expedition sets out next Monday night (Aug. 4) by C.P.R. When the transcontinental train leaves Toronto late that night, there will be some three dozen Fergus people on board, all headed for the Pacific Coast. Five or six of them will be swimmers, accompanied by their coach.

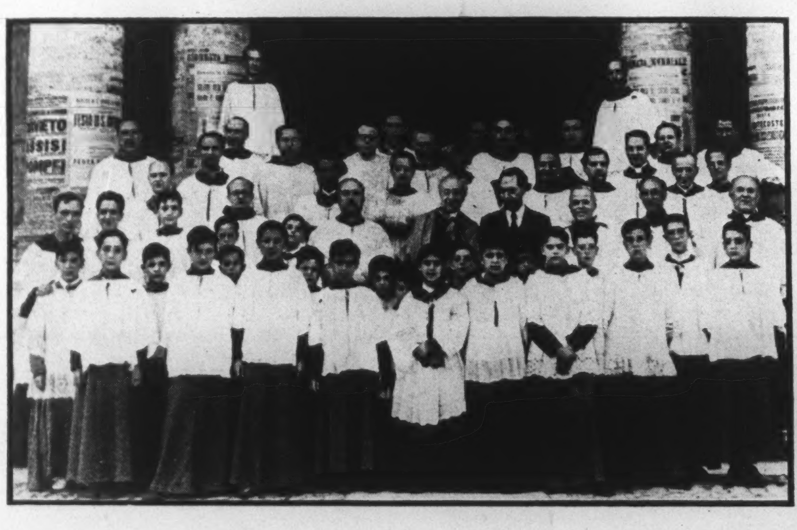
Cutting Fares

It's no easy task to raise money to send a swimming team across the continent, as larger places than Fergus have found out. So, when it was found that there wasn't enough money to send the swim team, the plan was enlarged to send three dozen persons from Fergus. The reasoning was that if more went along the individual fare would be less. And the low fare would attract many persons who were looking for a real holiday. And that is the way it has worked out. Now, it seems, a number of Toronto and Hamilton swimmers are coming along with the Fergus girls, taking advantage of the low fares. But it's still a distinctly Fergus excursion. There will be two special cars instead of one. Thirty-six out of forty-two persons will be from Fergus.

For the First Time?

So far as we know, nothing quite like this has happened before. Fergus sent a couple of lacrosse players to the Olympics in Los Angeles some fifteen years or more ago, and once, a whole lacrosse team and backers went to New York some forty-five years ago. Jaunts of teams to Rochester and beyond, with special buses, are quite common. But to take two whole special cars from Fergus to Vancouver is something that probably hasn't been quite equalled before.

So when the Fergus girls dive into the pool at Victoria, for the Canadian swimming championships, they will have plenty of supporters. If they win a Dominion title or two, that will be grand. But even if they don't, Fergus has made history again.



The famed Roman singers, appearing at Maple Leaf Gardens, Toronto, Aug. 18 and 19, have been selected from choirs of four of the Roman Vatican chapels. Many Canadian and U.S. cities will be visited by them.

We recommend:

London Hosiery Mills,
Limited

Cumulative, Convertible Class "A" Shares
(No Par Value)

Price: $15.50 per share to yield 5.16%
(With bonus of one Common Share with each five Class "A" Shares)

The business of this Company was founded in 1915 and for the past 20 years the Company has not failed to operate at a profit every year. Dividends have been paid continuously for 10 years. For the past 10 fiscal years net profits have averaged $83,597 as compared with dividend requirements on the Class "A" shares of $36,000 per annum.

The Class "A" shares are the senior security of the Company.

We invite inquiries with respect to this stock.
A circular will be forwarded upon request.

R. A. DALY CO.
LIMITED
80 KING STREET WEST
TORONTO

Telephone:
ELgin 4441

We're bending light . . . **FOR BETTER VISION!**

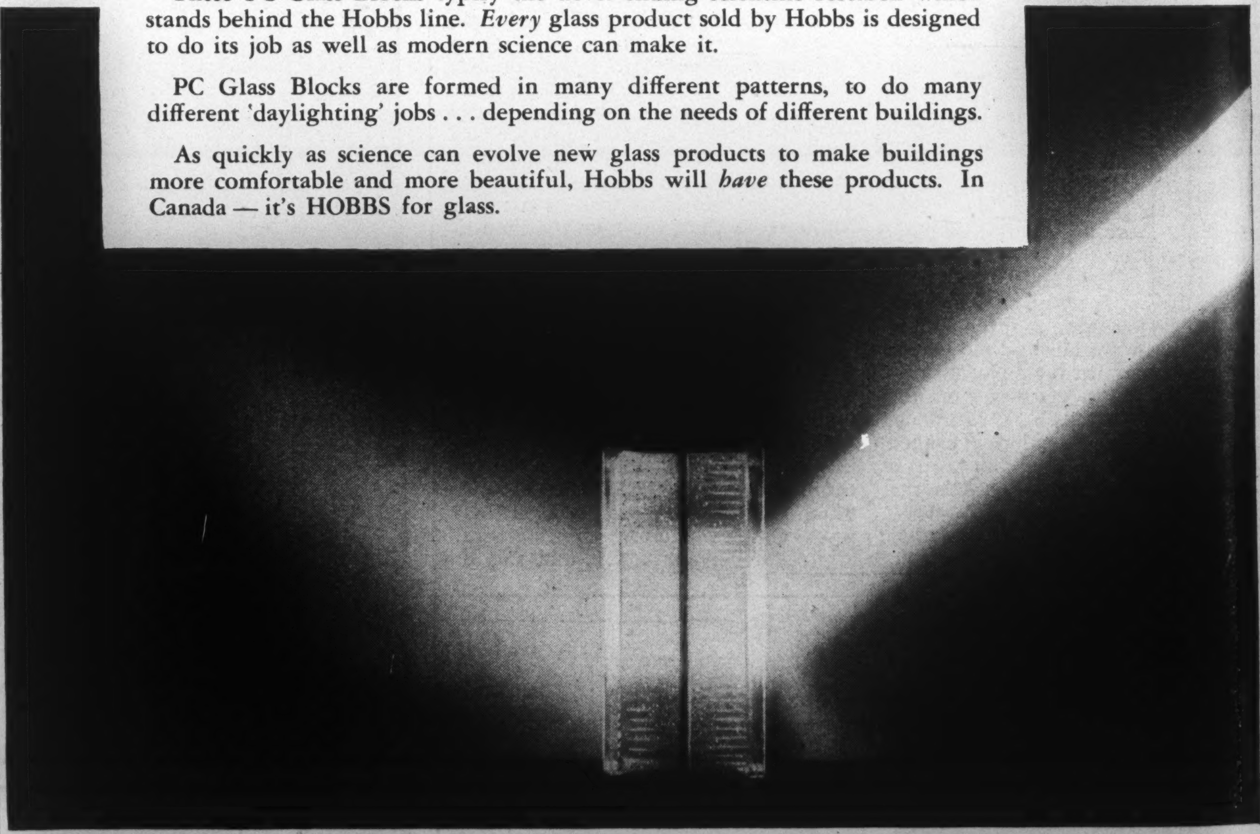
Whoever heard of *bending* light? Yet it's happened! Modern glass research has developed a *prismatic* glass block for outside wall areas. The prisms inside the block actually "bend" daylight upward as it comes in . . . so that the ceiling reflects soft, glareless light evenly through the room. And because the prisms are *inside* the block, they are clean forever!

These PC Glass Blocks typify the never-ending scientific research which stands behind the Hobbs line. *Every* glass product sold by Hobbs is designed to do its job as well as modern science can make it.

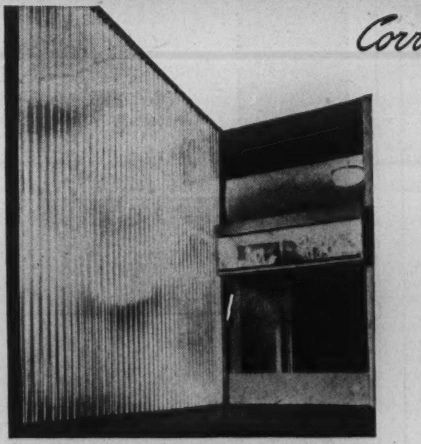
PC Glass Blocks are formed in many different patterns, to do many different 'daylighting' jobs . . . depending on the needs of different buildings.

As quickly as science can evolve new glass products to make buildings more comfortable and more beautiful, Hobbs will *have* these products. In Canada — it's HOBBS for glass.

•Laboratory demonstration shows beam of light angled upward by PC Prism Light-Directing Glass Block.



Corrugated Glass makes strong, attractive partitions



Partitions of Corrugated Glass are appearing everywhere . . . in business offices, hotels, hospitals, stores, homes . . . both semi-partitions and big sweeping wall areas!

Corrugated Glass is made to last—there is almost no breakage hazard. It is quickly, easily installed with a minimum of materials. Your architect can tell you how Corrugated Glass would fit into the job you have in mind. Check Hobbs for details. Consult our local branch, or write to Hobbs Glass Limited, Dept. M8, London, Canada, for descriptive folder.

Come to Hobbs for: Twindow insulating windowpanes • PC Glass Blocks • Coolite heat-absorbing glass • Herculite tempered glass • Nucite glass chalkboard • Safety glass • Plate glass • Mirrors • Carrara • Plexiglas

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